

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3128.—VOL. CXIV.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1899.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



MR. L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"Who's afraid?" This is our patriotic greeting to an ingenious Frenchman who has been invading us on paper. He reminds us that the invasion of Britain is not only easy, but common. Caesar had no trouble about it. Hengist and Horsa thought it child's play. Duke William (who kindly brought over from Normandy so many of our ancestors) made the most effectual job of it. Every Frenchman ought to feel elated when he thinks of that, and it causes us so much uneasiness that our young art-students have left off painting the finding of the body of Harold, for the Royal Academy. Napoleon all but managed to send his flotilla over the Channel, and it is just a chance now that we do not make obeisance from Saturday to Monday at Brighton to a statue of the First Consul instead of revering the illustrious leg of the Prince Regent. And now we are warned that some day we shall see the French army landing at Dover and Folkestone from barges, which have frightened away the British ironclads with torpedoes. I have the scene in my mind's eye. The French warriors will all be desperately sea-sick, like Duke William's knights (see the Bayeux Tapestry), and when they land they will need a great deal of brandy. The Customs officials (like the Baboo station-master who telegraphed to his superiors, "Tiger on platform—wire instructions") will telegraph to London, "French army trying to smuggle brandy; shall we arrest them?" The answer will be, "Put them on board again"; and the unfortunate invaders will be set adrift in the Channel, which the French writer who has been menacing our shores supposes to be as serene as a river.

Now this is one of the things we manage better in England—I mean the literature of sham invasions. Not invasions of France, though Henri Rochefort believes that Queen Victoria is longing to resume that arrogant title to the French throne which her family dropped so unwillingly. No, we do not invade France in magazines, and even our schoolboys do not exult in the recollection that Paris once had an English Governor for sixteen years. Our paper invasions are the dreams of naval and military experts, who do not hesitate to plant a foreign foe on our soil for the purpose of making our flesh creep and swelling our armaments. I never wander in the peaceful lanes of Dorking without hearing the roar of the French artillery which once made such havoc there. Have not the Russians fought at Manchester? It was only the other day that the pleasant invention of a champion of the Navy League crippled the British fleet, and compelled us to sign a disgraceful peace. Why did not the editor of the French periodical which is so eager to invade us engage this strategist for the business? He would not have sent the French army across the Channel in barges. You need not be an expert to tell a better story than that. Why not balloons? Aerial vessels of gigantic size might transport several armies to different parts of our island in a few hours. If any French editor will send me an adequate cheque in advance, I will show him how perfidious Albion can be crushed!

Our most successful invader in these days is the French chef. He is loud in his praises of the enlightened English society which fares sumptuously every day. Who says we are not an artistic people? The chef bears witness that the creations of his genius are properly appreciated only in England. In Paris, he complains, people do not dine; they gobble. A dinner of fifteen courses is disposed of in forty minutes. This cruel expedition is due to the women, who are "full of tay and cake," like Smith O'Brien in the ballad, having prolonged the five o'clock tea till seven, when they are quite unfit for the fifteen courses in which the cook has articulated his soul. By a bitter irony, while the invasion of London by the French chef has softened our manners, the invasion of Paris by the "five o'clock" has delivered French society to a more than insular barbarity. It is a sad reflection upon our social habits that they cannot be grafted on a foreign stock without demoralising the foreigner. I tremble lest the French should import the meat tea of the British middle-class, and wash down Yorkshire hams with jorums of Congou. We are often accused of destroying the West African native for the sake of the gin trade, though Miss Mary Kingsley assures us that the favourite liquor on the West Coast is only the faintest memory of alcohol. But I doubt whether gin, even in its most brutal crudity, would work as much havoc among the blacks as the meat tea in French households not inured to it by the custom of generations. It would justify patriots in the Chamber in demanding war upon the country which had ruined the digestion of their families. In that event, I believe a sense of national contrition would be so strong upon us that the barges (or balloons) might come over from Cherbourg with impunity.

What would happen if public-houses were abolished at the East End? This question has prompted a social observer to a rather alarming speculation. He says that the real safeguard of society is the apathy which drink generates in the London poor. Close the public-house, and you will set them brooding over the unequal distribution of comfort. Then there will be barricades in

Whitechapel, and a repetition of the horrors of the Commune. This pleasant suggestion that if the poor are not encouraged to drink they will be so mischievous as to think, is not approved by Canon Barnett. His quarrel with the public-houses is that the drinking is carefully regulated to prevent thinking. The customers stand at the bar, and when they show a disposition to exchange ideas—to make the atmosphere spiritual as well as spirituous—they are reminded by a vigilant cup-bearer in his shirt-sleeves that they are there for the consumption of liquor and not for conversation. Canon Barnett would compel every publican to keep a bar-parlour, where the talk would flow at least as freely as the tipple. In the workmen's cabaret in Paris it flows a great deal more freely, for the visitor will sit for hours discoursing politics over one small glass, and the patron, whose tongue is as active as any man's, never dreams of complaining. But the East-End publican is a man of business, not an ornament of society. He keeps a drink-shop, not a salon. "So I'm to provide arm-chairs," he may say, "for men to lounge in all the evening and argue, instead of sticking to their beer or gin! A nice little debating club is what you want at my expense. Well, it may be a capital thing somewhere else, but it won't suit my house. My business is to sell as much liquor as I can, and not to give a comfortable room to people who talk more than they drink."

I sympathise strongly with Canon Barnett; but how are you to force this reform on the East-End publican? Popular opinion does not help you, for the section of the public which is immediately concerned is content with the gin-shop in all its pristine simplicity, and the vast majority of people are resigned to it as a characteristic of our civilisation. The Legislature will not act, for the average party man has a horror of the drink question in every aspect. Bitter experience has taught him that whoever handles it loses votes and pleases nobody. Moreover, every law which trenches upon the exercise of primitive instincts is sure to have such chaotic interpretations from forensic jugglery that its original purpose becomes unintelligible. It has been decided that you may bet freely on a racecourse, but not in "a place" which is covered by the Betting-Houses Act. If you complain to a lawyer that this seems inconsistent, he smiles in a superior way and says, "Not at all; it was never the object of the law to put down betting." If you ask why it is lawful to bet on a racecourse, where the stimulus to betting is strongest, but not lawful to bet in a public-house, he replies that betting in public-houses is an unwholesome stimulus to drinking and disorder. If you point out that the legal facilities for getting drunk and disorderly within prescribed hours are already so great that betting cannot increase them, he says that you must not meddle too much with individual liberty. But why the individual liberty should flourish on a racecourse and be extinguished in a public-house he cannot tell you; and you are driven to seek illumination in the famous dictum that "the law is an ass"; to which you are tempted to add the rider, "And a hypocritical ass."

A correspondent writes: "I am a young man of a bashful disposition, and I have recently become engaged. My betrothed, who does not live in London, is greatly excited when she comes to town by the novelty of riding in a motor-car. Now, Sir, I am only too pleased to gratify her lightest whim; but surely the motor-car, as it is at present constructed, is wholly unsuitable for engaged people. To begin with, everybody stares at you simply because you are in the horseless, buzzing thing; and then you feel that you might as well be in a glass case for all the privacy you enjoy. In a hansom you attract no attention, and you are so concealed, especially at night, that innocent endearments are never observed. But the motor-car, when lighted up, is as public as a triumphal car! Don't you think the proprietors might be persuaded to adopt a new shape? Being of an inventive turn, I have a design which I think would be welcome to the community, especially to persons who are about to enter the lawful estate of matrimony, but do not care to advertise this to a quizzical world."

This combination of delicacy and mechanical genius ought to contribute to the evolution of the motor-car. Another correspondent has a sensitive mind, but is scarcely so practical. He is taken with the idea, recently expounded, of a special pawnbroking business for the benefit of needy authors. "I have a fine Roman play which I have offered in vain to several managers. It is on the subject of Marius, and the whole of one act shows him brooding amidst the ruins of Carthage. This alone would make the fortune of any actor who knew how to speak blank verse (to say nothing of the magnificent scope the ruins would afford to the scene-painter), but you know that elocution is dead for the present in this country. Now, how much ought I to ask the literary pawnbroker to lend me on this? Even if I never redeem it he will make a fortune out of the play when the inevitable revival of dramatic taste sets in." I fear the literary pawnbroker will prove as flinty-hearted as other pawnbrokers, who might shed tears over Marius in the ruins of Carthage, but would scarcely take him as a "pledge."

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg, her son Prince Leopold, and the Duchess of York, with Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, at Cimiez, Nice, has been joined this week by her daughter Princess Christian. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha has left; the Duke and Duchess of Connaught departed for Italy on board H.M.S. *Surprise* on March 20; the Empress Frederick of Germany is at Bordighera, where she has been visited by her sisters; the Prince of Wales is at Cannes; the Princess of Wales, with her daughters, Princess Victoria and Princess Charles of Denmark, on board the royal yacht *Osborne* last week, having put to sea from Villefranche, stopped at Genoa on Friday, the weather being rough and wintry, but went on to Civitavecchia, Naples, and Sicily on Sunday; her Royal Highness's visit to Athens has been postponed. The Duke of Cambridge has returned from Cannes to England.

The Duke of Devonshire is succeeded by Mr. Goschen as her Majesty's Minister in attendance. Lord Salisbury, who is at his own residence, Beaulieu, came to lunch with the Queen on Sunday. The Bishop of Ripon performed service.

Sir Arthur Charles, a Judge of the Queen's Bench Division since 1887, has been appointed to succeed Lord Penzance as Judge of the Arches Court, and to the Chancery Court of York.

The Sale of Drugs and Food Bill, after provoking a great deal of discussion in the House of Commons, has been referred to the Standing Committee on Trade. Progress has to be reported in the case of two other items of domestic legislation; for Mr. Chaplin's Bill requiring the Metropolitan water companies to help each other in times of drought has passed the Hybrid Committee of the Commons; and a Blue-Book has been issued by the Home Office on lead-poisoning in the Potteries, containing the recommendations of Professors Thorpe and Oliver.

On Friday Lord James of Hereford presided at the annual meeting of the Liberal Union Club, and Lord George Hamilton spoke at the dinner of the Association of Municipal Corporations, while Mr. A. J. Balfour, in the chair at that of the National Cyclists' Union at the Trocadero Restaurant, discoursed with genial gusto upon the merits of that mode of locomotive exercise. The Lord Mayor of London on Saturday opened the yearly meeting of the Association of Municipal Corporations at Guildhall. Sir James Woodhouse presided at the Conference. On March 21 a public meeting at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, to further the Czar's Peace Conference, was addressed by the Bishop of London and Mr. Leonard Courtney, M.P.

Earl Beauchamp, the newly appointed Governor of New South Wales, was entertained on March 22 at the St. George's Club with a farewell dinner of congratulation. Lord Loch was in the chair.

A deputation of representatives of Chambers of Commerce, trades unions, educational institutions, and the Decimal Association, had an interview with Mr. C. T. Ritchie, President of the Board of Trade, on March 22, urging the adoption of metric weights and measures on the first day of the twentieth century. Mr. Ritchie said he could not promise to make it compulsory until public opinion was better prepared for it.

Mr. C. R. Birt, late chairman and managing director of the Millwall Dock Company, charged with falsifying the profit accounts of that company to the amount of £217,000, but not with embezzlement, was brought up at the Mansion House Police-Court on March 22, and was remanded until April 11 by Alderman Vaughan Morgan, bail upon his own recognisances £6000, with four sureties of £1500 each.

Sir Alfred Kirby, Mr. Arthur Kirby, and Mr. Morris Clifford were committed for trial on the charge of fraud in connection with certain mining companies.

The amount hitherto subscribed for the Gladstone Liberal Memorial has been £4249, as stated by Lord Tweedmouth, on Friday, at a meeting of the Executive Committee. The sculptor, Mr. F. W. Pomeroy, is getting on with the statue.

The Harrow Division of Middlesex election is contested this week by Mr. Irwin Cox, the Conservative candidate, with Mr. Corrie Grant, nominated on Monday.

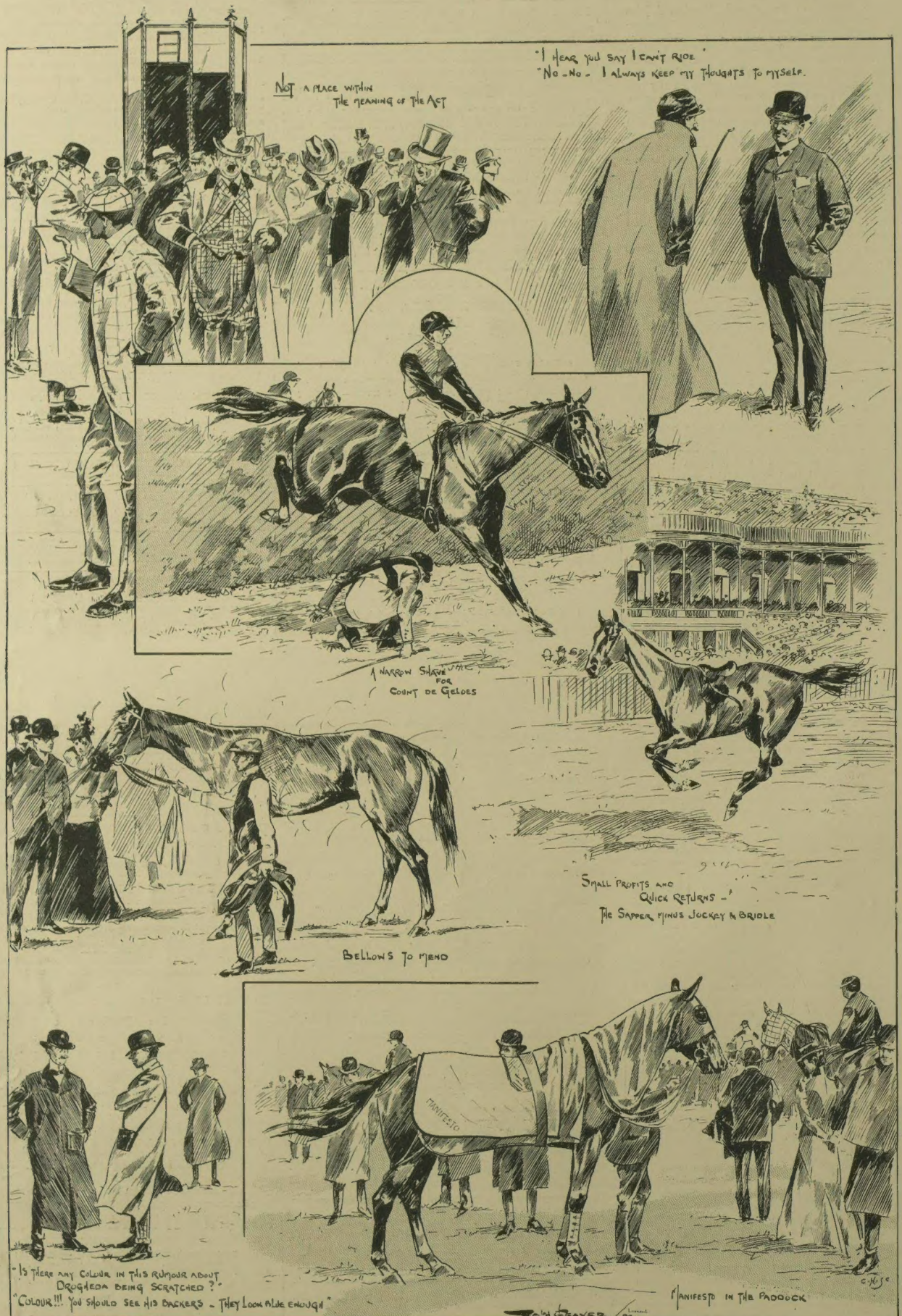
The restored great altar reared of Winchester Cathedral has been completed with six statues of female saints and one of Mrs. Valpy, the late wife of Canon Valpy.

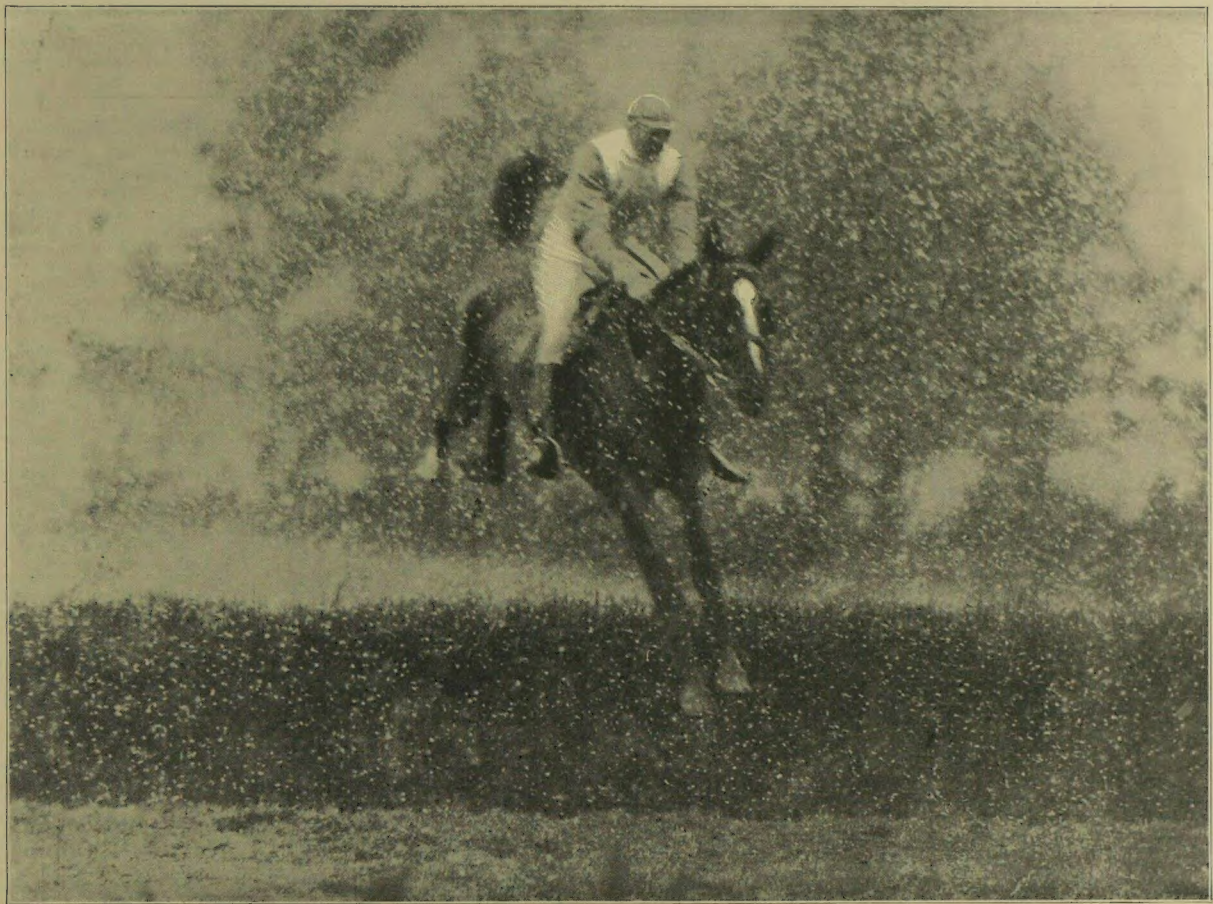
The schoolboy and the schoolgirl will be glad to hear the first part of a paragraph in the Revised Instructions issued this week from the Education Office; but they may not welcome the postscript. The time spent by scholars in museums and places of historic interest may count as time spent in school; and what is more, the said scholars are to be encouraged to visit such national and local shrines wherever they exist. The advantage of the London scholar over his country fellows is obvious enough. But the final injunction of the code may modify his exultation. For after visiting the shows, the scholars are to write an account of their impressions. Writers of good guide-books are now difficult to secure, but no dearth of them should be endured by future generations.

The London County Council has resolved to purchase for £100,000 two houses, freehold, in Cockspur Street, to enlarge its offices at the County Hall, Spring Gardens. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre said the Government would never consent to their having Somerset House.

The electric lighting of the City of London seems likely to be particularly well looked after in the near future. No fewer than three companies have applied for provisional authorisation to supply electricity for that purpose, and their pleas and claims are now being made the subject of a public inquiry by Sir Courtenay Boyle, on behalf of the Board of Trade.

The Guardians of the Poor are bound to relieve the distress of men out of work, even though they are voluntarily idle on strike. That is the gist of the long judgment





THE 12TH ROYAL LANCERS' REGIMENTAL STEEPLECHASE: LIEUTENANT G. W. HOBSON ON SPILLANE LEADING THE FIELD IN A SNOWSTORM.
The snowstorm of Tuesday last week, which stopped other events, only added on unusual picturesqueness to the steeplechase at Aldershot, in which Lieutenant G. W. Hobson led the field with Spillane for the 12th Royal Lancers' Regimental Challenge Cup.



THE UNIVERSITIES' BOAT-RACE: CAMBRIDGE LEADING AT BIFFEN'S BOAT-HOUSE.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MR. L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

Born at Drontyp in the Netherlands, in the January of 1836, Lawrence Alma-Tadema wears his sixty-three years of age, as well as his many honours, lightly. He has always had his own fixed purpose before him, and has fulfilled it, free from the fret and contention of less direct ambitions, from the days when, a mere boy, at the age of sixteen, he entered himself as an art student at the Academy in Antwerp. Under Baron Henry Leys he later placed himself—a master to whom he was in all ways indebted. His first gold medal from Paris came to him when he was only twenty-two, and he enlarged his cosmopolitan reputation and sympathies by settling in England, where, for some time, he was known as “the Belgian painter.” Even the ribbon of the Legion of Honour, which fluttered to him from Paris in 1873, did not lure him thither; and letters of English denization were taken out by him in that year. Three years later he became an Associate of the Royal Academy, and, after another three years, a full member.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

Beaten for nine years, but entering the Boat-Race on Saturday with good hopes of a victory at last, Cambridge won the toss against Oxford, and chose the Surrey station. The Canab, though their ratio of striking was somewhat slower than that of the Dark Blues, got a start, but soon lost it, and there was little to choose between the boats as they approached Craven Steps; but after that the Light Blues gained and were half a length in advance at the Mile Tree, reached in the very fast time of a second under four minutes. At the Crab Tree, Cambridge was three-quarters of a length ahead; at Hammersmith Bridge, a whole length; at the Doves, Chiswick, two lengths; at Chiswick Eyot, three lengths; at Barnes Bridge, five or six lengths; after which the Light Blues, secure of victory, relaxed their exertions, and passed the goal three and a quarter lengths ahead.

THE WAR IN THE PHILIPPINES.

The United States army in the Philippines on Saturday had another sharp conflict with the native insurgent forces around Manila. The fighting, which continued on Sunday, began nine or ten miles to the north-west of Manila, and General M'Arthur is pushing on in that direction, in more open country. Our sketches presented this week are of Feb. 6, by a British naval officer at Cavite, in the harbour of Manila, which town is garrisoned by American troops. The United States Volunteers are not very smart to look at, wearing rough blue flannel shirts, brown khaki knickerbockers, and any kind of shoes. Views of Manila, the city and suburbs, and the Convent of Santa Ana, the docks, and harbour, with two or three Spanish gun-boats, which, after being sunk, were raised and refitted by order of Admiral Dewey, are among the subjects of these sketches.

THE GERMANS AT KIAO-CHAU.

Tennyson, in his early “Locksley Hall,” not envying the reputed ancient slowness and immutability of affairs in China, exclaimed in a moment of poetic scorn, “Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay!” But that was more than fifty years ago; and in the past year, or little more, we have seen a wonderful bustle in many of the Chinese seaport towns, with great and sudden transformations caused by the arrival, with peremptory demands and all but forcible appropriations, of the great European Powers, Germany first, Russia next, Great Britain a good third, then France, now Italy, all bent upon obliterating the venerable quaint type of Far-Eastern Asiatic Mongolian civilisation. Kiao-Chau, with the neighbouring village of Tsin-tau, and with a territory extending north-east forty miles along the shore of the bay, on the east coast of the province of Shantung, is the place where this surprising attack was commenced.

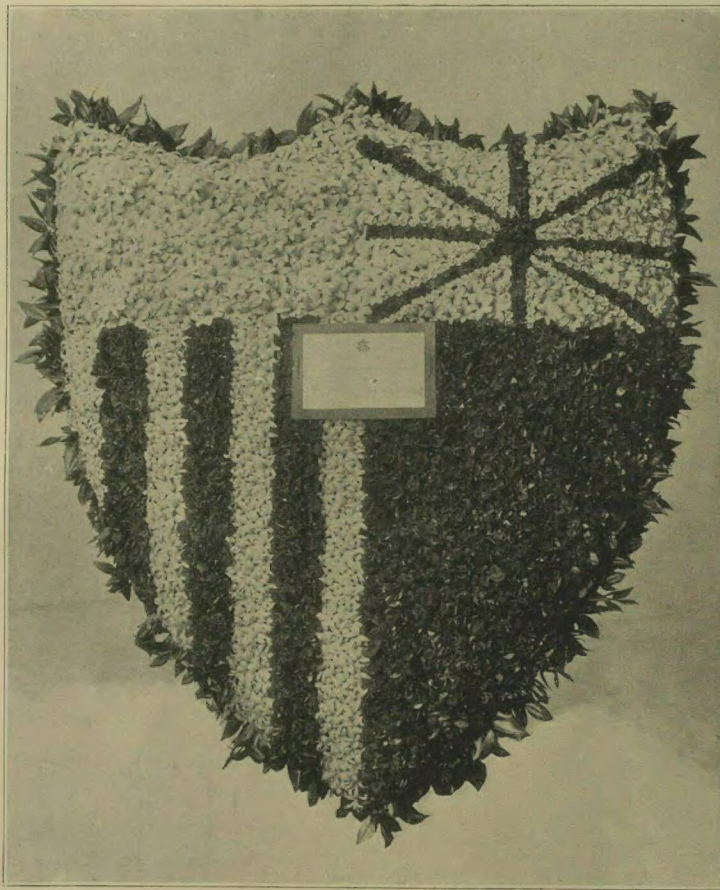
A QUAINT EASTER SPORT IN MEXICO.

In Mexico, as in most Hispano-American communities, many quaint medieval customs still survive, and one of the most curious is the peculiar sport, “Correr el gallo,” the cock race, practised at Easter-tide. All the best riders from near and far come to compete for the prizes offered by some opulent ranch-owner. These might be an embroidered gold or silver laced sombrero, a fine pair of spurs, a bridle, or something of that sort. A live cock is lightly buried under some ashes or sand, just sufficient to prevent him from setting himself free. The whole of his neck is exposed, and he can dodge and avoid the grasp of the rider, who has to follow strictly certain rules, and must approach at full gallop, and with one single twist of his hand release the gallant chancier from his prison and let him run. The competitors have all to

start at a given signal, and, obviously, the swiftest horse and the best rider have the biggest chance. If a miss occurs the unlucky competitor has to sway off and give the rest a chance. There is a tradition that the story of the crowing of the cock when Peter denied his Master has some connection with this sport.

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY'S TRIBUTE TO LORD HERSCHELL.

After the memorial service in Westminster Abbey the body of Lord Herschell was taken by train to Moreton, near Dorchester, whence it was borne for burial to Tincleton Church, near to Clyffe House, the old home of Lady Herschell, and the subject of an Illustration last week. Sir Francis Knollys represented the Queen, Lord Churchill the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Hon. Derek Keppel the Duke of York. Lady Herschell did not feel equal to the strain of attending the actual ceremony, though she was in the church before it began. The Bishop of Southwark officiated, and on the coffin, or near it, were placed innumerable wreaths. One from the Queen bore an autograph inscription. Another was marked: “From Lord and Lady Aberdeen in affectionate remembrance.” From Lord Rosebery and from the High Commissioner of Canada came other wreaths and messages; but, even among so many, special attention was claimed for the “Tribute of respect and sympathy from the American



WREATH SENT FOR LORD HERSCHELL'S FUNERAL BY THE AMERICAN SOCIETY IN LONDON.

Society in London”—a large shield composed of red, white, and blue flowers, on which the Union Jack was quartered with the Stars and Stripes.

THE SIMPLON TUNNEL.

The works for the Simplon Tunnel, which were formally incorporated last autumn, are now being actively pushed forward. In the preliminary works transport has naturally proved a considerable, though not an insurmountable, difficulty. Our Illustration shows the method of traction employed for bringing up to Iselle one of the three huge boilers, weighing thirteen tons, which were to supply motive power to the drills. An immense ear was constructed, and to this thirty oxen were yoked. The journey from Domodossola to Iselle occupied four days, and twice the haulage-chains broke, but at length the heavy task was successfully accomplished. A great crowd witnessed the operation.

HOLIDAY HAUNTS.

At Eastertide the Londoner who through the dark months has been content with his “bricky towers on Temmes’ broke back that ride,” as Spenser sings, at length turns his thoughts afield. All the old places will be revisited and enjoyed as much as ever, for your average man on holiday knows not what it is to be *blasé*. The old pier, the old promenade at the sea-side, are to him perennially as welcome as they are banal to the “superior.” With Easter the river awakens to life, and some will no doubt journey, though scarcely by water so early, as far as Windsor, where every year troops of holiday-makers delight their eyes and improve their history by a visit to the Castle. Others,

more eager after pure nature, may hie them to Cornwall to revel in sea-breezes and rugged coast, warning the sea-birds of Gampar Bay that man must have his turn again. Few at this season will adventure a trip to Scotland, or if they do they will hardly penetrate as far as Skye, or the lonely peat-mosses of Kyleakin, but surely a lengthening day will see even these fastnesses in possession of the ubiquitous tourist.

STUDIES AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

XIII.—SOUTH AMERICAN CORAIS SNAKE.

If I had been asked by the Editor to write a zoological essay on snakes in general, the picture of the climbing corais snake of South America would have formed an admirable text for one portion of the series. But since all the snakes of the group to which the species depicted in our Illustration belong are distinguished from one another by characters which it requires a trained zoologist to comprehend, while many of them present a great similarity in habits, it is very difficult to know what to write with respect to this particular species.

Although the common ringed snake (*Tropidonotus natrix*) will occasionally ascend low bushes, we have in this country no true climbing snakes. On the Continent, however, there are several which habitually practise this habit, among them being the yellow or *Æsculapian* snake (*Coluber langissimus*). And it is to the same group or genus that the corais snake (*C. corais*) of South America belongs. Were I to attempt to point out the features by which a climbing snake is distinguished from a ringed snake, or how the American corais differs from the European *Æsculapian* snake, my readers would at once skip the remainder of this notice. I may say, however, that neither are poisonous snakes—that is to say, they are not included among either the vipers or the pit-vipers, and that the arrangement of the scales and the number and form of the teeth figure largely in discriminating between the different groups and species.

The corais is found from the Southern United States to Brazil and Bolivia; the subject of our picture being from the forests of British Guiana. Like its allies, the corais is fierce in disposition, and preys upon various small mammals and birds. In contrast to the American wood-snakes (*Herpetodryas*), which spend all their time in trees, the climbing snakes chiefly ascend trees for the purpose of capturing their prey. Different species vary, however, to a certain extent in their habits, some being almost entirely arboreal, while others spend much of their time in water, where they swim well.

XIV.—PLUMBEOUS TREE-SNAKE.

Harmless as is the common British water-snake, it is a member of a very extensive assemblage of serpents, among which are included such deadly species as the cobra; and there are few, if any, external characters by which a poisonous can be distinguished from an innocuous representative of this family. Indeed, there is a complete transition from the one type to the other. In these colubrine snakes, as they are called, there are three distinct types of tooth-structure, by means of which they can be divided into as many groups. In the first group, which includes the British water-snake, all the teeth are solid, and consequently all the species are harmless. From these solid-toothed colubrines a second group, the back-fanged colubrines, are sharply differentiated by the circumstance that one or more of the teeth in the hinder part of the upper jaw are grooved for the passage of a tube from a gland which may secrete a poisonous fluid. On the other hand, in the third group, or front-fanged colubrines (among which the dreaded cobra is included), one or more of the front upper teeth are similarly grooved, and the secreting gland is always of a poisonous nature.

It is to the second group, in which some species are harmless and others noxious in a minor degree, that the subject of our plate belongs. Unfortunately, the various sub-groups of colubrines have no collective English names, and are, moreover, distinguished from one another by characters of such trivial import that it is practically impossible to allude to them otherwise than by their technical titles. Consequently we are compelled to say that the plumbeous snake (*Oxyrhopus clelia*) belongs to a sub-group known as the *Dipsadomorphinae*.

Possibly the reader will think this a fact of no particular importance; but the group has a certain interest from the fact that the greater number of its members are restricted either to Central and South America or to Africa. And this remarkable geographical distribution is only one out of many instances pointing to a former land connection between these widely separated continents.

As regards the subject of our Illustration, there is little to be said concerning it which would not apply with equal force to other South American members of the group. As is apparent from the plate, it is of considerable length, although of small calibre, and is largely arboreal in its habits. What is not apparent is that the colour of the adult is dark grey; olive-grey, or blackish above, passing into yellowish white beneath, with a variable amount of spotting on the under parts of some individuals.—R. LYDEKER.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Aston Webb, architect, who has been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, is by birth a Londoner, and is in his fiftieth year. He served his apprenticeship to Messrs. Banks and Barry, whose office he entered at the age of seventeen. His principal works have been executed in London. Among them the most notable are the restoration of the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, the design for the completion of South Kensington Museum, and the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall. In 1884 Mr. Aston Webb was elected President of the Architectural Association, and from 1893 to 1897 filled the same office in the Royal Institute of British Architects.

Mr. William Ambrose, Q.C., who has been appointed a Master in Lunacy, in room of the late Mr. Bulwer, was born in 1832. He was educated at Chester and Lincoln's Inn, where he was called to the Bar in 1859. In 1874 he took silk. Since 1895 he has been Attorney-General of the Duchy of Lancaster. By this appointment the constituency of Harrow, which Mr. Ambrose has held since 1885, becomes vacant.

The late Sir William Hayward, who died at Rochester, was a native of Watlington, Oxfordshire. He was born in 1818, and was educated for the law. At the age of twenty-one he became a solicitor. He settled in Rochester in 1841, and held many public appointments there, including Registrar of the County Court and Clerk to the Commissioners of Taxes. He became Mayor at the age of twenty-six. For forty-five years he was Clerk of the Peace, resigning that office in 1896, when he was elected Mayor for the second time. In his first mayoralty he claimed to be the youngest Mayor in England; in his second, the oldest. In recognition of this he was knighted. He was a staunch Conservative, and is said to have practically turned Rochester from a stronghold of Liberalism to a centre of Conservative and Unionist activity.

The late Mr. Richard Cadbury, whose sudden death is announced from Jerusalem, was the eldest son of the late John Cadbury, founder of the firm of Cadbury Brothers. Mr. Richard Cadbury began life in his father's business, and, along with his brother George, brought the firm to its present flourishing condition. As employers of labour the Messrs. Cadbury have been remarkable. Everything that a philanthropic spirit could devise was done for the workpeople, among whom there was never any strike or misunderstanding. The Cadbury family belong to the Society of Friends, and the late Mr. Cadbury was in warm sympathy with every Nonconformist movement. He was in politics a Liberal, but although often urged to enter Parliament, he would never consent to do so.

The death of Mr. Jeremiah Head removed an engineer of eminent inventive ability. Born at Ipswich in 1835, of an old Quaker family, Mr. Head in 1854 became apprentice to Robert Stephenson. He soon distinguished himself by his ingenuity, his parabolic governor being considered theoretically perfect. He superintended many public works, but at length found his true vocation as a consulting engineer. In 1885-86 Mr. Head was President of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers. He was the founder of the Cleveland Institution of Mining Engineers.

By the death of Dr. Leitner, philological students lose a distinguished colleague. Gottlieb Wilhelm Leitner was born at Buda-Pesth in 1830, and was educated at Constantinople, Brussa, Malta, and King's College, London. During the Crimean War he was appointed First-Class Interpreter to the British Commissariat. Returning to London, he held the lectureship in Arabic, Turkish, and Modern Greek at King's College, and when he founded the Oriental section of that body in 1861, was

appointed Professor of Arabic with Mohammedan Law. He made profound researches into the languages of India, discovering the races and languages of Dardistan in 1866. He was untiring in his efforts to promote linguistic study, and founded in India and elsewhere some seventy institutions, literary societies, and free libraries, including the Punjab University College. He spoke, read, and wrote twenty-five languages. His published works—historical, grammatical, and philological—are very numerous. At Woking he founded an Oriental University.

The Rev. James Archer Spurgeon, who was discovered dead in a Brighton train on March 22, was a brother of the late Charles Haddon Spurgeon. He was Pastor of the West Croydon Baptist Chapel, and held the office of Vice-President of the Baptist Union. The present year would have seen his election to the presidential chair. He took a warm interest in the Stockwell Orphanage, of which institution he was treasurer, and was also a familiar figure

to the Philippines as a war-correspondent. During the Battle of the Boyne, King William was told that the Bishop of Derry had been killed at the ford. "What took him there?" was the unsympathetic response. The general public may ask the same callous question about "the missing Prince." But no doubt we shall have a romantic story presently.

Mr. Kruger is very angry with Mr. Chamberlain. He denies every point of Mr. Chamberlain's indictment of the Transvaal Government, and says the Outlanders are perfectly satisfied. They are so satisfied that over twenty thousand of them have signed a petition to the Queen, praying for redress of grievances. Mr. Kruger probably means that if they are not satisfied they ought to be. He understands neither his own position nor theirs. At this moment the Transvaal Government has not a friend in Europe, and that is a serious situation for a Government which obstinately persists in girding at English statesmen who presume to call it to a sense of duty. The Boer Republic may last for the rest of Mr. Kruger's lifetime. But after that?

Mr. Balfour was quite at home at the dinner of the Cyclists' Touring Club. His chief supporter was Mr. Herbert Gladstone, whom he described as his "old friend," though the "old friend" was trying to upset the London Government Bill in the House of Commons. This illustration of the amenities of our public life may be contrasted with the "suspension" of M. Zola as a member of the French Touring Club. Many members of that club threatened to resign if M. Zola's name were retained on the books. Even if Mr. Herbert Gladstone had succeeded in overturning the Ministry, that would have made no difference to the English cyclists, and he would still have remained Mr. Balfour's "old friend." Frenchmen, please copy!

Did President Faure tell his physician, Dr. Gibert, that Dreyfus was condemned on a secret document? Dr. Gibert explicitly declared that he did. The late President's private secretary says that M. Faure wrote on the margin of a newspaper allegation to the same effect, "This is a lie." But everything is contradicted in this case. A member of the court-martial of 1894, who is sworn by witnesses to have lately expressed to them his belief in the innocence of Dreyfus, denies the statement. The courage of Colonel Picquet cannot be expected from every French officer.

In Russia, this interminable controversy is leading to duels. A Russian barrister went out with an ex-officer of the French army, and wounded him so badly that it is feared

he will lose one of his legs. Rather awkward for a Frenchman to say hereafter that he lost a limb in defending the "honour" of the anti-Dreyfusites against a Russian!

The ravages of influenza have called attention to the unhealthy atmosphere of the House of Commons. The wife of one afflicted member says the corridors of the House are full of microbes. The wife of another declares that the temperature in the corridors and the cellars where dinners are given would freeze the most enterprising bacillus to death. Between these theories the repute of the House as a sanitary resort fares very ill.

There is a pathetic interest in the death of the young Hawaiian half-caste lady whom the world has known as Princess Kaiulani, but whose hopes of ever becoming Queen of Hawaii—where succession ran in the female line—were rudely shattered six years ago, when the revolution put the Americans in possession. The Princess, who was six-and-twenty, was the daughter of Princess Likolike (sister of the ex-Queen Liliuokalani) and Mr. Archibald Cleghorn, a Honolulu trader, who was born in Edinburgh. Educated in this country by Mrs. Sharp, at Harrowden Hall, near Wellingborough, Princess Kaiulani was pretty and highly accomplished.



Photo. Holger.
MR. ASTON WEBB,
NEW A.R.A.



Photo. Reed.
MR. W. AMBROSE,
New Master in Lunacy.



Photo. Thomson.
THE LATE PRINCE LÖWENSTEIN.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SIR W. HAYWARD.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE DR. LEITNER.



Photo. Russell.
THE LATE REV. J. A. SPURGEON.



Photo. Chance's, Dublin.
THE LATE LIEUTENANT ARTHUR EYRE.



Photo. Mosell, Birmingham.
THE LATE MR. RICHARD CADBURY.

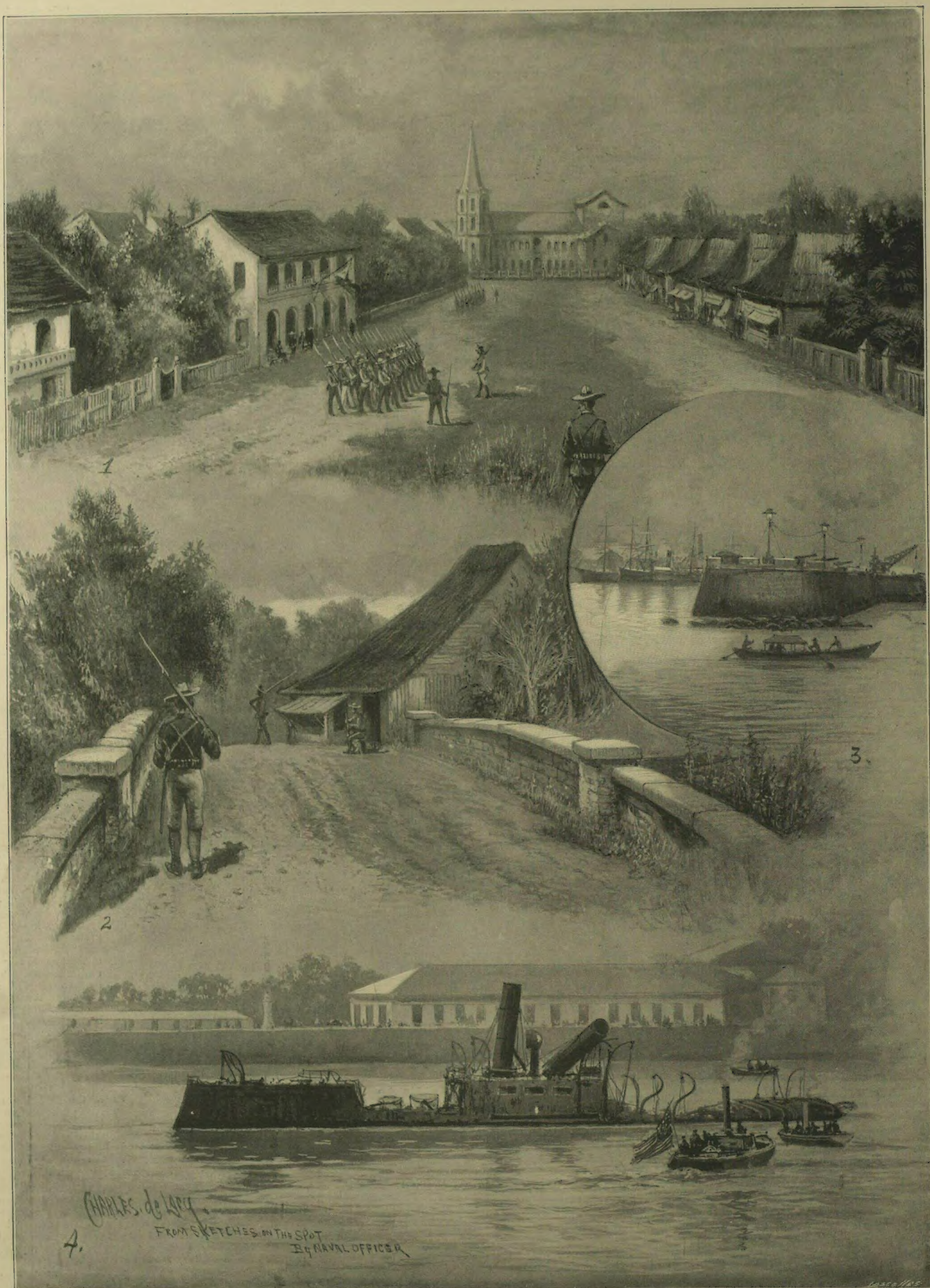


Photo. Mait and Fox.
THE LATE MR. JEREMIAH HEAD.

at the Pastors' College. With the community in Croydon he was a general favourite.

Lieutenant Arthur Eyre, of Riversdale, Birr, who died of fever in Mashonaland, was the son of the late Colonel Eyre, of the 3rd Bombay Light Cavalry. The deceased officer had a most distinguished career as a campaigner and hunter, and was one of the most successful killers of big game in South Africa. He was a man of remarkably fine appearance, and very handsome. He rode in the Jubilee Procession with the Rhodesia Horse, having been selected the first out of over a thousand others, and was personally complimented by the Prince of Wales. During the Matabili War he led the Salisbury Scouts in a brilliant charge.

Prince Löwenstein-Wortheim is reported to have been killed in the fighting at Manila. He was acting as honorary aide-de-camp to one of the American generals, and accidentally got "in front of the firing line." This seems to suggest that he was shot by the Americans, and not the Filipinos. His career is mysterious. He was married to an English lady of aristocratic family, and a few weeks ago there was a hue-and-cry about his disappearance from London. The explanation was that he had gone



1. A Filipino Village just outside the American Lines near Manila: Troops Drilling in the Main Street; Convent of Santa Ana in the Background. 3. A Spanish Fort at Manila mounted with old Muzzle-loading Guns.
2. Outposts in Touch: American on the near side of the Bridge, Filipino beyond. 4. At Cavite: a Spanish Gun-boat "Scuppered" by her Crew.

THE PHILIPPINE CRISIS: SCENES OF THE CONFLICT.

From Sketches made on February 6 by a Naval Officer on board H.M.S. "Centurion."

A LOVE-SONG!

by
Maarten Maartens.

ILLUSTRATED BY WAL. PAGET



Then she sneezed, irritating him.
"And, besides, you don't take proper care," he said.
"What is proper care?"
"Oh, proper care. Not sitting out, for instance, at night."
"Nor getting up, on a damp day, at all?"
"Well, if you live in this beastly climate you've got to act accordingly. It is a most beastly climate, isn't it?"
"Shall we go to some German Spa or rheumatism place? Or Aix? Dr. Spencer Walton recommended Aix."
"Yes, but Sir Russell Harvey said that it would kill me. You don't surely want me to—"
"No. I don't remember Sir Russell's saying that. I wish we could think of something that would really do you good."
"Nothing will ever do me good. Nor you. We are

THEY had quarrelled. They had money enough, and nothing to do: they could afford to quarrel.

They could even consider a quarrel, unconsciously, as rather an interest in their monotonously comfortable lives. They lived, like so many people, nobody could exactly have told you why. Their home in one of the Midland counties was a very pretty one: they had money enough to keep it up, and to travel whenever they wanted to. Their health was excellent; they cultivated one or two faint hobbies, and if a ripple occurred in their placid existence, it was because one of them made a splash.

They were childless, and easily fond of each other: theirs had been a quite unobjectionable love-match about fifteen years ago: they were now past forty, both of them, and their hair was freely sprinkled with grey.

And, occasionally, they annoyed each other. They were sufficiently attached to fall out and make it up again, although hardly with tears. After a time they would end a situation which was causing them mutual discomfort: they would make allowances, and kiss.

But, of late, the differences—chiefly of opinion—had become more frequent. She, for instance, had not taken kindly to his new craze for golfing, and he wanted her to go round the weary links with him. He, on his part, had noticed that she was aging, a thing which every man dislikes in his wife, unless he doesn't care for her. He had wanted her to dye her hair, and she had objected. She didn't care as much as he did. He was vexed.

It was on the night before that the contest had arisen between them. She had wanted to sit out after dinner, and that, surely, was irrational of her, because of his lumbago and the damp. He declared that she was angry with him, because the summer had turned so cold and the temperature remained abnormally low, as if the tiresome temperature was any fault of his! He had gone and sat indoors, and read Shelley, and next morning she had awakened with a cold.

Had it been a sore throat, he would have forgiven her, but as it was only a sneezy cold in the head, he hardened his heart.

So, at breakfast, a cloud hung between them. And their conversation confined itself to curt trivialities or inevitable explanations. There was always a great deal to settle, somehow. They were very busy people.

Presently he got up and, opening the window, went out to see what sort of a day it was. At ten o'clock Jarvis would come to him, his butler-valet, a passive factotum, and she would go to her leisurely housekeeping, and many matters of momentous momentary importance would spread broad across the early morn.

"It's bad," he said, "as usual. What a summer! No summer at all."

She came to the window. She was a gentle, graceful woman, with a beautiful complexion and kindly eyes.

"Do you know," she said, "I think it is going to clear up. This grey sky is only so much heat-mist. You will see: it is going to be a beautiful day."

He was conscious of a wish that she would not so often contradict him, and that when she did she would oftener prove in the wrong. "Well, I hate this sort

of moist weather," he said. "It doesn't affect you as it does me."

"No, poor fellow," she answered.

"And I'm glad it doesn't," he added heartily.



Jarvis began his daily management of everything with the unalterable formula: "Any orders, Sir?"

doomed to be rich and ill and do nothing all our useless, cheerless, expensive lives."

She sighed. Then, catching in his eyes a glimpse of how sincere he was, she said, too cheerfully—

"Rubbish! we're very happy: you know we are."

Her want of congeniality at that moment jarred upon him. He was too honest in his sensitiveness to make himself believe her of a coarser nature: he knew quite well that hers might be a stronger and a braver temperament, but that she remained as delicate-thoughted as he. Yet, undeniably, she could be strangely irresponsible. Mentally, as it were, he shook her off, while her hand still lay untouched upon his shoulder. "Look at that boy," he said, nodding towards the stables, where the groom was at work. "What does he care about damp or know about climate? He has never been where the sun shines. I should like to go across and tell him about the man who brought water from the desert to the Caliph at Bagdad."

"It would be cruel," she answered. "He is quite happy. Whistling at his work."

"Out of tune."

"There is nobody so happy, surely, as the people who don't know when they're out of tune."

The words struck him, silenced him for a minute. Then he said: "The lad is a good lad—very industrious. But terribly plain."

"Well, I suppose so. Still, he has a nice face, and amusing." *"Chiffonné."* He isn't at all like a typical Englishman: I wonder where he got that nigger-look from?"

"I don't know. I should ask him, if I wasn't sure he knows no more than I do. Sometimes I imagine we are too much interested in our servants."

"Yes."

"Yes?"

"I mean—we are. It is a *'défaut de nos qualités'*: is not that the phrase? And also, no less, a *'qualité de nos défauts'*. Our circle is very small, and we see it very plain. Some people have large horizons, and some have narrow ones: men cannot alter their lives."

"That is a woman's saying, easily said."

"Would you like, really, even if you could, to go out into the big world, and be a lot of things, and do a lot?"

"If I could!" She did not dare to look up into his face: they stood beside each other, silent, uncomfortable. Over yonder the boy went on polishing with vigorous propulsions, whistling too loudly the while, in the blue greyness of the sultry morning.

"Well, you cannot," she said at length. "Inevitably. You must just stay at home. It is our lot to look after each other's healths and our own."

"A delightful existence for those who enjoy it!" he exclaimed, and broke away from her angrily. Jarvis would be waiting for him. It was time that he should go and consult with his prime minister anent the affairs of his kingdom.

She turned, with bent brow, to her butcher's book. She was at that stage in a woman's life when Love—Romantic Love, the Cupid—is halting on the threshold, half averted. If he go—if he step back—it is for ever. The cook wanted to know whether she should give a penny to a beggar-man at the back-door. The beggar-man had asked for a shilling. "Give him sixpence," said cook's mistress, wondering whether indiscriminate almsgiving were right. This trivial generosity quite cheered her up. She found it arduous to comprehend what had caused her to feel depressed before: in spite of their little dissensions her husband and she were still a very happy couple, as human couples go. As middle-aged couples go. If she saw his little failings more plainly than she used to see them—well, she had known him longer. And he, on his part, if he noticed defects in her—"This doesn't add up right," she said, quite crossly, to the astonished cook.

Meanwhile, Jarvis, stiff and straight, as always, in the library, had begun his daily management of everything with the unalterable formula: "Any orders, Sir?" For Jarvis was one of those admirable servants who, never doing anything themselves, have time to see that all things are done well.

"Get me some sun. And plenty of it."

"Yessir," said the man, imperturbably. "It's going to be a beautiful day, Sir, as soon as the mist clears off."

"And meanwhile?"

"Meanwhile, it's misty, Sir."

The master smiled, and then a great sadness swept over his face. He pulled himself together.

"Have you inquired about that poor woman," he began, "who came to the gate the other day? Do you think we could do anything for her? Or how about finding work for the boy?" And he entered laboriously into the long work of his charities, the man coming after with slightly halting step, for Jarvis, who was devoted to "the family," considered rather too exclusively that charity begins at home.

"And there's a message come across from the station-master at Fitching," said Jarvis at last, "that the bronzes from Italy have arrived at his place."

"At Fitching! Why, that's three miles away? Why didn't they send them on to us?"

"I can't say, Sir. I suppose them Italians don't know. But they've come, and he asks us to fetch 'em away."

"Well, I'm glad they've got safely so far! It's nearly six months since we bought them in Florence." He sprang to his feet. "I'll drive over and see about them myself. Tell them to get ready the dog-cart. By Jove, it does one good to hear that boy! Though I do wish that someone had taught him to keep tune!"

"I was wishing to speak to you about Thomas, Sir. I fear that Thomas will have to go."

"Go? Nonsense, Jarvis! What on earth has he done? I never dismissed a servant in my life!"

"Either he or Molly, Sir."

"Whew!" Jarvis could only see his master's back, broad against the window-pane. "Do you mean to say that those two wretches are beginning to fall in love?"

"Which is putting it mildly, Sir."

"Good Heavens! you don't mean to say—"

"No, no, Sir," interrupted Jarvis hastily. "Thomas is a good boy, Sir, and Molly's as decent a servant-girl as ever stepped. All I mean is that it's no use talking of falling in when you're head and ears under water."

"Which is their condition?"

"Which is their condition, Sir."

"Lucky brutes."

"That may be as it may be, Sir."

"Jarvis, you're a married man yourself, and a happy one: don't scoff."

"I had no such intention, Sir. But Thomas is the son of a widow, and you know his wages—which is ample—and Molly is one of eight, and just beginning—an under-housemaid!—and both of 'em ought to be ashamed of themselves."

"True: I should have said 'fools.'" He stood looking out at the lightening haze. "Lucky fools," he said.

"What age is Thomas?"

"Twenty-two, Sir."

"And Molly?"

"Barely twenty."

"Thomas is an exceedingly plain young man."

"She doesn't think so, Sir."

"I suppose that is why he whistles so loud. I wonder what he's whistling?"

"It's—a—a vulgar street-tune, Sir, called, I believe, 'Two lovely blue eyes.'"

"Has Molly got two lovely blue eyes?"

"I—I— Would you please to judge for yourself, Sir!"

"The sun is coming through. The sooner I start for Fitching the better. Well, Jarvis, it's very awkward. I suppose one of these two young people will have to get another place."

"They quite understand that, Sir. Cook has been telling them she couldn't stand their goings on at meals any longer."

"She ought to keep them in order."

"Nobody can say as they're out of order, Sir. But the way they sit and look at each other is enough to turn you sick."

"Jarvis, you're married yourself—"

"Which makes all the difference, Sir."

"Well?"

"And cook is *not*, Sir, nor likely to be—"

"Go and order the dog-cart."

"—which is a complication."

In the hall Molly was modestly dusting, bright and fresh, with her wavy auburn hair and pretty print. Her master, as he passed, unconsciously checked his step, and looked at her. She appeared to him, although perhaps he did not realise it, utterly different and transformed, a new, individual personality, thrown into radiant relief against the grey interest of his daily surroundings, in her maidenhood loving and loved, in her innocent, awakened virginity, in her calm hidden happiness, triumphant, of the woman who knows herself desired.

"Is your mother feeling better, Molly?"

"Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir."

"No more rheumatism?"

"Not with this warm weather, Sir."

He passed on, meeting his wife in the morning room.

"Molly thinks the weather's warm," he said.

"So it is this morning. I wish you would go out."

"But, then, she's in love."

"Nonsense! I wish you wouldn't say such things."

"With Thomas. And Thomas with her. Jarvis has just told me."

"How absurd!"

"Very!" Their eyes met, apart.

"The bronzes are at Fitching. I am going across to see about them."

"Do. You will enjoy the drive."

He turned, a few steps away. "Won't you come too?" he said.

"The dog-cart tires me so."

At the door he paused. "I will order the victoria," he said.

They went out to the carriage in splendid and universal sunshine. The groom stood by the step. Both of them looked at him, and each knew it of the other. They looked again, furtively, at his back, as the horses trotted swiftly down the drive.

"Smartness, after all, is the chief thing in a man," said the husband softly, almost to himself. The wife looked away, a little quickly, at the trees.

Undoubtedly, Thomas was smart, smart in the cut of his shoulders and livery, and close black crop and clean-shaven olive complexion. Spruce, and clean, and fresh, he sat, immovable, beside the coachman, his arms crossed, his collar stiff, everything stiff, excepting his big brown eyes, which alone were alive and thinking.

The carriage soon turned into woodland, out of the silver glare into sudden golden shade. They drove on for a couple of miles through ever-changing scenes of massed and varied foliage, bright underwoods and spreading branches, chequered with every tint of green and glitter of broken light. The deep recesses of the forest were alive with hidden singers, ringing out alternate welcomes to the tardy summer day. For a few delicious moments the hoofs of the cheerful horses played across a stretch of turf: then they rang out again in clearer notes along the harder road: they slackened to a walk: the carriage went slowly winding up a long ascent, between sombre pines, to a burst of sun and sky, and of landscape belted with sheeny water: the splendours of a far-stretching country beneath a diamond downpour of loftiest light.

Nobody spoke. The servants, of course, sat like vigilant statues: their master and mistress, when not distracted by the beauties of the morning, reclined, gazing reflectively at Thomas's back. There was a little mole in the middle of his neck, to the left, just over the gleaming collar: his master, who had never really looked at Thomas before, could not check a ridiculous curiosity to know whether Molly had discovered it as well.

He turned, with an effort, the current of his thoughts. There is nothing more futile on earth than an unconvinced, self-addressed "For shame!" In his heart he was not a bit ashamed of his sudden interest in Thomas and Molly.

"I hope the bronzes will be all right," he said.

"I hope they will," she made answer. "They have cost such a great deal of money."

"Oh, as for the money!—Lord Raybury was saying only the other day that he wished he could get a similar set at the price."

"But that's no use to you, as you don't intend to sell them!"

"You always think of the money's worth"—he checked himself, but the words were said. "You are such an excellent manager."

"My only fear is, sometimes, lest you spend too much."

"But I don't."

"Then, dear, you shouldn't, after some such purchase, complain about making both ends meet."

"My dear, I spend just about as much as I can, and that's the truth."

"But that leaves you powerless in the face of an emergency."

"If poor people talked like that," he said, his thoughts and his eyes diverging, "they would never marry at all."

"I don't quite see the connection."

"Oh, it's somewhere. I wish I had a lot more money to—"

"To what? Surely we have everything we want."

"It sounds awfully childish—to make heaps of people happy with!"

She sighed. "You do more than most people," she said.

"Do you mean that old Mrs. Jenks gave two guineas less than I to the Village Band last week?"

"No, I don't."

"Now, there's—they!" He nodded, dropping his voice still more. "At this moment they ought to have as much gold as their hands could gather—twice as much—ten times as much—far more than would buy all the jewels he ever dreamt of, the jewels and silks and satins for her, and for him the fleet couriers of Araby—or Epsom!"

"They don't want them."

"Want? Their undergrown wants would spread out beneath the shower! No man, untried, knows the increase of his wantings. They should be swept away, on the wings of what's his name's chariot, to Como—to Bellagio—to that lusciousness of living we Northerners never experience—to the orange-groves and blue waters with the great moon heavy above and across them, to—Kennst du das Land?"

"I do. You should leave off talking such nonsense."

"Do you think I am too old?"

"No," she answered, uncomfortably, wondering whether he was looking at her grey hair.

"Thank God, no man is ever too old to talk nonsense!"

"God?"

"God. Do you disagree?"

"No. Oh, no. No, no."

He glanced askance at her. His lips twitched.

"But you're right. Youth is the time for nonsense—the time when we don't know that it's nonsense. All the difference lies there. Oh, there's nothing diviner on earth than a folly we deem to be sense."

"Hush!" she said. "Hush!"

"They wouldn't understand me," he said. "Who would?"

"I," she said. And again their eyes met, in embrace.

"And the months slip by," he murmured presently; "and the young grow old. It's a stale truth—to the old. But the young don't know." He glanced up at the straight

back in front of him. "Poor wretches! A mercy for them! How could they bear to wait if they knew that nothing else does?"

And the carriage drove in silence down the slope.

"Guy," she said suddenly in a whisper, "we must let them marry—these two."

"I can't afford it. A married groom! What a nuisance! It would make a difference of forty pounds a year."

"You don't think the idea ridiculous, then? I thought you would say it was ridiculous."

"Of course it is ridiculous—so ridiculous that it needs no saying. They are children: they could very well wait at least five years, and be all the better for it. They—"

"Guy, do you think—if we had married earlier—we— we should have loved each other more?"

"Dearest, surely we love each other very much—as much as most people."

"Oh, that's so little!"

"A great deal more." He clasped her hand, and the carriage ran down into the valley towards the station.

"We must let them marry," she said.

"Because it is ridiculous?"

"Yes."

"So far I quite agree with you. Is that the Waldons over there in that dog-cart?"

"It is. Actually in the same carriage!"

"A sight I don't think I ever saw before."

"Yet people say theirs was a love-match."

"Don't!" He jumped down. "I shall only be a minute!" and went into the station, while she talked to Mrs. Waldon, who complained of the heat.

"Are the bronzes all right?" she asked when he came out again.

"Yes; the boxes have been opened at the Customs: they look all right. One of the men must stop and see about moving them. Thomas!" He stepped back and surveyed the two servants on the box, the coachman, an honest, sour-faced bachelor of fifty, unlovely, unloving, unloved. Then, "Price," he said, "will you stay with the boxes and see that they are safely brought to the house?"

The coachman clambered down, and took his master aside. "I thought, Sir," he began grumpily, "that you didn't allow Thomas to drive the pair."

"Can't Thomas drive a pair?"

"I'm not saying he *can't*, Sir, but I had understood as you didn't wish it. It's not good for them boys, Sir, to think they're equal to a grown man."

"But the child is two-and-twenty. He must manage to take us home." He nodded to the disgusted Price, then, stopping a moment, in his ever ready kindness: "I couldn't trust *him* with the bronzes," he said, "as I can you. They're very important. Drive on, Thomas. Home." The quiet groom, with passive impressiveness, took his tyrant's seat of honour and turned the horses' heads.

"I shall sell the bronzes to Raybury," said their proud acquirer presently.

"How much did you give for them?"

"Forty pounds."

"Well, it is a lot of money."

He winced. "They were very cheap," he said.

And they drove, in the glorious summer midday, through the sleepy little town of Fitching. Sleepy though it seemed, it was alive with summer gladness. In the street a couple of dogs were playing; the heavy fragrance of the florist's stocks and roses hung upon the moistness of the watered roadway; all about the grey church tower the pigeons were fluttering and pairing; a rider passed, his steed neighed fiercely to the carriage mares; a great flood of heat fell heavy across the white front of the houses; a girl looked out of an upper window: a young shopman opposite blew a kiss to her, and she returned it. Outside, just where the last straggling houses ended, in turning a corner, they came upon half-a-dozen haymakers, dancing, hot, unkempt, ungirded, amid the scents of the hay, to the sounds of a cracked concertina. And the country spread wide before them, heavy with the deepening weight of its own golden and green fertility, drowsy and aching beneath the strength of its mighty Lord and Lover, in

plenteousness of sunshine and sweetness, of birth and increase of life.

He stood up in the victoria, and, bending forward—

"Thomas," he said, "you may put up the banns for you and Molly. Look out, you young fool! What on earth—!"

"It's all right, Sir," gasped Thomas, bringing back the horses to the middle of the road. "Please, Sir, I didn't mean any harm about Molly. We're honestly sweet on each other; and cook, she says—"

"Very well, we can talk about that afterwards. Meanwhile, marry as soon as you like." He sank back into his seat. For a moment husband and wife looked at each other in silence: her eyes were full of tears. Presently he drew gently nearer, and, behind the unconscious lover's back, in the sight of heaven and earth, the trees and the birds and the flowers, he softly kissed her cheek.

And they drove on, into the woodland, out of the silver glare into sudden golden shade. They drove on, amid the changing scenes of massed and varied foliage, bright



"Is your mother feeling better, Molly?"

underwoods and spreading branches, chequered with every tint of green and glitter of golden light. The deep recesses of the forest were alive with hidden singers ringing out alternate praises of the swelling summer's day. And the hoofs of the cheerful horses played across the velvet turf.

THE END.

Influenza, which is claiming victims in London at the rate of one hundred per week, has afforded a brisk morning contemporary a pretext for interviewing a West-End physician or so, who prefer, of course, to remain anonymous. From behind his anonymity, however, one doctor discourses in a vein of sound common-sense. We regard the "flu" too lightly, it seems. "So-and-so has got it," we cry gaily, "let us go and see him." And in our charity off we go, forgetful that we ought to treat an influenza patient with the same deference as one suffering from scarlet fever—that is, we should in this instance take Solomon's advice, and "withdraw our foot from our neighbour's house." *Verb. sup. sat.* Paris is in even a worse case, and the epidemic has become so severe that the Minister of Public Instruction has ordered an early commencement of the Easter holidays in the schools.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The appointment of Dr. Handley Moule to the Norrisian Professorship at Cambridge meets with general approbation from all parties. Dr. Moule belongs to a well-known Evangelical family, and had a very distinguished career at Cambridge. His commentaries on the Pauline Epistles are much valued, and he is admitted to be the leading theologian of the Evangelical school. He is also an impressive and powerful preacher. Dr. Moule's early surroundings in Dorsetshire have been sketched by one of our most eminent living novelists in one of his popular books.

The death is announced of Mrs. R. C. Billing, widow of the late Bishop of Bedford. Mrs. Billing was a devoted wife, and attended her husband assiduously in the painful illness which closed his life.

The "Life of George Borrow" has drawn attention to his strange but honourable connection with the Bible Society. An examination in the crypts of the Bible Society house, as resulted in the discovery of numerous interesting letters and other documents by Borrow which were not in the possession of his biographer. These may probably be published in a separate form. In spite of Borrow's idiosyncrasies the connection between him and the Society was creditable to both, and friendly relations were maintained to the end.

Prebendary Whittington is deeply sympathised with in the death of his wife, which took place last week. Mrs. Whittington had been a great sufferer, and had borne her illness with the utmost fortitude.

On the invitation of Canon Clarke, the Vicar of Dewsbury, the Salvationists of the town and neighbourhood attended service on Sunday afternoon in the Parish Church, about eight hundred persons being present. The service was a shortened one from the Prayer-Book, and elicited many exclamations of approval from members of the Army. A collection before the close of the service was devoted to the funds of the Salvation Army. One of the religious papers is at present conducting a careful investigation as to the present position of the religious work of the Salvation Army, the results of which will be published shortly. They are likely to attract much attention.

The Dean of Lichfield, who has been very ill at Naples, is now recovering.

Great disappointment is expressed by High Churchmen at the Duke of Devonshire's discouragement of the proposed Irish Roman Catholic University.

The sudden death in a railway train of Mr. Spurgeon's brother, Dr. Spurgeon of Croydon, is much regretted. For many years Dr. Spurgeon was co-pastor with his brother at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and the relations between the two were of the friendliest kind, though Dr. Spurgeon was a man of broader views than his more famous associate. The aged father of both survives. Dr. Spurgeon was to have been President of the Baptist Union.

The Rev. H. G. S. Blunt, who died last week, had been Rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn, for more than forty years. He was greatly respected. In this church Dean Vaughan used to preach on Sunday evenings, and the place is interesting to literary people as the scene of Hazlitt's second marriage, when Charles Lamb acted as groomsman. It is said, also, that Lord Beaconsfield was baptised in this church.

The Independent Chapel in Fetter Lane, from the pulpit of which the first public proclamation of the accession of George I. was made by the Rev. Thomas Bradbury, is about to be pulled down. The history of the place is full of interest. In 1666, during the Great Fire, the meeting-house which stood on that site was forcibly seized by the Episcopal party. In 1710 the building was wrecked by a mob, and in 1732 the present edifice was erected. A printing-office will take its place, so that the spot may still be regarded as a centre of light. We seldom have a physical example of the Pulpit yielding place to the Press. V.



THE GERMANS IN CHINA: STREET SCENE IN KIAO-CHAU.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Milton Prior.



A CHINO-RUSSIAN FRONTIER POST IN MANCHURIA: COOLIES ENTERING RUSSIAN TERRITORY.

The Chino-Russian frontier is well protected by the special corps called "Frontier Guards," and by frequent patrols of Cossacks garrisoning the posts or blockhouses along the boundary. The steady advance of the Russians and the virtual occupation of the greater part of Manchuria has brought this boundary line much farther south. The Chinese coolies seeking admission procure work on the projected railway lines have to undergo a severe scrutiny before gaining admittance, and have to receive their cards and papers before they are allowed to proceed.

VISIT OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT TO OMDURMAN.

From Photographs by Cleanthe C. Kikidis, Omdurman.



ARRIVAL OF THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS AND LORD KITCHENER ON THEIR WAY TO THE MARKET.

VISIT OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT TO OMDURMAN.

From Photographs by Cleanthe C. Kikidis, Omdurman.



EGYPTIAN CAVALRY PASSING BEFORE THE DUKE.



THE MARCH PAST OF THE EGYPTIAN BRIGADE.



THE CAMEL CORPS PASSING BEFORE THE DUKE.



THE PASSING OF THE ARTILLERY.



THE MARCH PAST OF THE SOUDANESE BRIGADE.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS PASSING THE SYRIAN ARCH.



TRIUMPHAL ARCH, WITH GREEK KIOSK IN THE DISTANCE.



TRIUMPHAL ARCH DESIGNED BY MR. CAPATO.

EVENTS OF THE DAY.

The old town of Roquebrune, on the spur of the Alpes Maritimes, celebrates its interesting mystery procession on Passion Sunday. From remote ages, Roquebrune has had a mystery-play, or, rather, procession; this always took place on Aug. 5 at the Fête of Notre Dame de Neiges, by whose intervention the town had been saved from some horrible plague. Last year, owing to some generous benefactor, the inhabitants

cheers were reinforced by those of their opponents when Earl Percy made some particularly good points in his well-informed and fluent oration.

The utterance, "That position must be taken at all costs; the Gordon Highlanders will take it," led to a renewal of the fame of that regiment. The command, or more properly the deeds to which it gave the initiative, made the reputation of Colonel Mathias, who on March 25 received a recognition of his services at Dargai from the Pembroke County Club of London. The Club presented the gallant Colonel with the superb sword of honour figured on this page.

In recognition of his untiring and triumphantly successful services to the cause of Post Office reform, and especially to celebrate his promotion of Imperial Penny Postage, Canterbury has conferred on Mr. Henniker Heaton, its representative in Parliament, the freedom of the city. The Archbishop, the Dean, and the Recorder of Canterbury were all there to add impressiveness to the proceedings. The Church was further represented by the Bishop of Dover; but the world—in a very large sense—had its emissaries in the Mayor of Canterbury and of other Kentish towns, Sir Walter Pease, the Agent-General of Natal, Sir David Tennant, Agent-General for the Cape of Good Hope; Mr. Want, Attorney-General for New South Wales; Sir J. Salomons, Sir John Gorst, and Dr. Sebastian Evans. The list of freemen, the Mayor explained, began with the name of Sir John Hales, placed there in 1571, and comprised the names of William Pitt, Lord Tenterden, and Thomas Sidney Cooper, R.A., a list to which, his Worship said, "the name of John Henniker Heaton would bring additional lustre." The newly admitted freeman made his acknowledgments in happy phrases, describing himself as "a mere agent in carrying out a pre-eminently Christian and civilising work," so that the Archbishop, the Bishop, and the Dean felt more than ever at home. The Archbishop of Canterbury, during the inevitable lunch that followed, made the equally inevitable allusion to the Church controversies of the hour, in which, his Grace hoped, he displayed the character for impartiality given him long ago by a schoolboy. That was at Rugby, and the boy wrote to his father to appeal to Dr. Temple, adding in a postscript which the father overlooked before he forwarded the letter to the Doctor: "Temple is a beast, but he is a just beast."

The proposed University for Birmingham has found an anonymous benefactor, who makes, through Mr. Chamberlain, an offer of £25,000, on condition that £225,000 is previously subscribed. Of this sum £135,000 has been already promised. As in the case of churches and other buildings, the funds come, fairly enough, in substantial sums from the rich, no more than 640 donors having contributed the £135,000.



Photo. E. de Bonbel, Menton.

THE MYSTERY PROCESSION AT ROQUEBRUNE: THE GROUP OF THE REDEEMER.

were presented with handsome new costumes on condition that the mystery should be also represented on Passion Sunday, the day peculiarly appropriate, as the procession portrays the story of the Passion of our Lord. The first group represented the "Agony in the Garden": Christ preceded by an angel carrying a gold cup, which he ever and again presented to the Saviour, followed by Judas, who steps forward and bestows the kiss of treachery. The second group portrays the "Scourging of Jesus." First come Roman soldiers, then the Jewish priests in brown dresses and slate-coloured tunics, followed by Herod, richly costumed, and protected from the rays of the sun by a white-and-gold parasol. Next comes Pilate, in a handsome red-and-white tunic, and by his side a servant carrying a bowl, in which he feigns "to wash his hands of it." Behind walks Jesus, in a violet robe, wearing a crown of thorns, and surrounded by children carrying all the emblems of the Passion, while fierce centurions press him on and strike him with gloved hands. The other events of Passion week, up to the Descent from the Cross, are vividly presented, and the procession closes with the clergy under a canopy, followed by a devout company, singing canticles. Some 150 actors took part in this curious old celebration.

The ancient rights and privileges of Ely Place, at Holborn Viaduct, seem likely to be threatened by the London Government Bill. Technically, Ely Place is a bit of Cambridgeshire transported to the heart of the Metropolis; and the householders there are electors of that distant county. The Bishops of Ely once owned the place; and their old chapel, which became Anglican, and was afterwards Welsh, has again become Roman. Once Ely Place was sanctuary, so that thither the debtors of the city fled; and thither the hunted man must go to-day if he has recourse to Sir George Lewis. In the old days strawberries grew in the garden of the Bishop of Ely, strawberries that Shakspeare puts into the mouth of Richard III.

Earl Percy, who has been a great traveller of late, reappeared in the House to take part in the discussion on the London Government Bill. The Speaker called upon him as Lord Warkworth, and it was found difficult in the lobby suddenly to label the young senator with the name just renounced by his father, now Duke of Northumberland. His speech, which flowed forth like a northern torrent, roused the House from a state approaching to lethargy. During Mr. Herbert Gladstone's speech, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman slipped out of the House, and Mr. Haldane's speech against the Bill was delivered to only a dozen members of the Opposition, while Mr. Sydney Buxton had only eight members of his own party to listen to him. The Ministerialists mustered about a hundred strong; but their

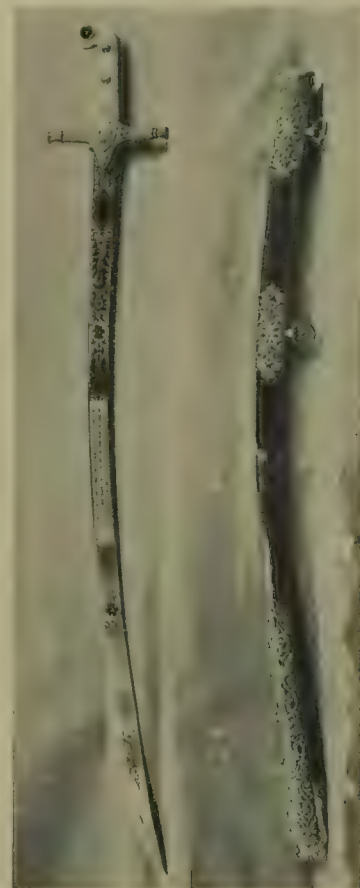


Photo. Rolos.

SWORD OF HONOUR PRESENTED TO COLONEL MATHIAS.



Photo. E. de Bonbel, Menton.

THE MYSTERY PROCESSION AT ROQUEBRUNE: THE HEROD AND PILATE GROUPS.

This week we reproduce photographs of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught to Omdurman, which took place on Feb. 18. Their Royal Highnesses arrived by steamer at seven o'clock in the evening, but did not land until the following morning. On the landing-stage a guard of honour was mounted, and as the party disembarked a royal salute was fired. Decorations were everywhere, and the natives accorded an enthusiastic welcome. The first duty of the day was the review of the troops, 9000 strong, under the command of the Sirdar. The review over, the Duke presented the Distinguished Service Order for the recent campaign. Breakfast was then served at Lord Kitchener's house. A levée followed, and thereafter the Duke and Duchess rode round the city. They visited the market, the Khalifa's house, and the ruins of the Mahdi's tomb. The hospital and Gordon's palace were also visited, and in the evening the royal party dined with the



HELLAS EN FÊTE AT OMDURMAN.

Photo, Kikidia, Omdurman.

Sirdar. Fireworks for the delectation of the troops and the inhabitants closed the day. The following day, after a visit to the battlefield of Omdurman, the Duke and Duchess left to return to Cairo.

The Emperor William has become the champion of that most forlorn of persons, the poor relation. It so happens that in Germany a will that diverts money away from relatives to charitable or public purposes has to have the royal assent; and this, it appears, the Emperor William is unwilling to give in the case of a bequest of £15,000 made by Herr Meyer, a brewer of Johannesburg, to the town of Stettin for a museum. The municipality made the usual petition and expected the usual reply. But the Emperor spoke instead of the moral duty of a man of money to provide in his will for his needy relatives. These, the Emperor says, the town must indemnify before the last will and testament of the dead brewer can take effect. The Emperor William has been called the Universal Provider of his people; but he can pardon the sneer. The point is that the provisions should be good ones; and nobody will deny that, within easily defined limits, the indigent man should have a certain bare claim on the wealth of a relative of which the public is made the heir. It is only, after all, putting into practice the most familiar and popular of proverbs, which says that charity begins at home.

Suitors in Courts of Law are allowed to put in pleas that appear to plain minds to be contradictory. They may say that they did not do a thing, but also that if they did do it they were justified. Lord Kitchener, accused of the destruction of the Mahdi's tomb and the scattering of his bones, pleads somewhat on those lines. He says that the desecration of the tomb excited "no hostile feeling whatever" on the part of the inhabitants of the Soudan, to whom the Mahdi had become nothing; but he also says that the



Photo, Kikidia, Omdurman.

KIOSK OF THE GREEK COLONY FOR THE RECEPTION OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

Mr. Balfour has been pronouncing, and not for the first time, the panegyric of the cycle—the most civilising, as he thinks, of all inventions. "Open to all classes, enjoyed by both sexes and by all ages, the cycle gives us health, it gives us variety, it is less dependent on external circumstances, upon pecuniary means and preliminary organisation than any other sport." That is Mr. Balfour's fixed judgment, formed years ago by personal experience as well as by his observation, more fixed with the lapse of time, and not reversed by the little upset of which he was once the victim. Mr. Balfour is speaking, too, as with an eye to government as well as to recreation. He thinks the cycle, besides being a delightful form of exercise, has also helped to settle the question of the Housing of the Poor. It has flattered the extension of the suburbs, and helped to extinguish the insanitary and overcrowded dwellings. He even hinted that it has done what no other human engine of peace or war was likely to do—humbled the railway director and lowered the railway fare.

General Peace, which someone has suggested should have been the Czar's nomination, won the Lincoln Handicap in a canter, securing an easy victory by four lengths. His



GENERAL PEACE, WINNER OF THE LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP.

owner is Captain Bewicke, late 10th Hussars, and once well known as a steeplechase-rider. General Peace is by Gallinule, his dam being Moira. We give a picture also of Manifesto, the winner of the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase last Friday. Manifesto is the property of Mr. J. G. Bulteel.

The Physic Garden at Chelsea, conveyed by Sir Hans Sloane in 1722 to the Apothecaries' Company, is happily delivered out of the hand of the speculative builder. The London Parochial Charities have come forward with an offer of £800 yearly to maintain the garden entirely for the promotion of the study of botany, which, indeed, is wholly in accordance with Sir Hans Sloane's original purpose. The garden, which measures nearly four acres in extent, lies pleasantly upon the Embankment, and its preservation is a matter of congratulation to all who delight in old London, and especially in those memories, artistic, literary, and scientific, wherein Chelsea is so rich. The very name, "The Physic Garden," brings with it a choice flavour of yesterday, and accords fitly with the spirit of that older Chelsea which counted among its residents men of science such as Newton, Arbuthnot, Sloane, and John Hunter.

Negro-lynching does not die out. The other day at Little Rock, Arkansas, a negro who had murdered—or was supposed to have murdered—a white planter of Little River County, was set upon and slain. "Summary justice," we are told, was done; and of the summariness, at any rate, there could be no doubt. Then the whites said they heard that the blacks were inaugurating a "race war," and they set forth to do some more summary justice. The blacks fled in panic; but six of them were caught and killed. On the same day, three negroes were lynched in Yazoo County, Mississippi, and their bodies sunk in the Yazoo River. "The lynching was due," we are serenely told, "to the belief that the negroes in question had instigated racial trouble in Sharkey County." Elsewhere, a whole countryside of whites is reported to be out with dogs and guns in pursuit of sixteen negroes seeking refuge in the swamps. What an opportunity for a parodist of "The White Man's Burden"!



MANIFESTO, WINNER OF THE LIVERPOOL GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLCHASE.

razing of the tomb was necessary to destroy his prestige. The two theories do not entirely tally; but, one way or the other, the deed has been done; the men of the Mahdi have mostly been slain; and the Society for the Preservation of Historic Monuments has not yet brought Omdurman within the sphere of its influence.



CORRER EL GALLO: A QUAIN MEXICAN EASTERTIDE SPORT.

For the sport of "Correr el Gallo," or "the Cock-race," a cock is buried in ashes or sand up to the neck. Then the riders, advancing at full gallop, attempt to set the bird free with one twist of the hand. The pastime is fully described on "Our Illustrations" page.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Trente et Quarante. Translated from the French of Edmond About by Lord Newton. With an Introduction by T. Gibson Bowles, M.P. (Arnold.)

Memories of Father Healy of Little Bray. New Edition. (Macmillan.)

Milestones. By Frances Bannerman. (Grant Richards.)

Book Auctions in England in the Seventeenth Century. By John Lawler. (Elkelt Stock.)

Love and Olivia. By Margaret B. Cross. (Hurst and Blackett.)

Fram Peking to Petersburg. By Arnot Reid. (Edward Arnold.)

Wife, Norway in the North. By Hjalmar Johansen. Translated from the Norwegian by H. L. Brackstedt. (Ward, Lock.)

The Evolution of the Steam Locomotive (1803-1885). By G. A. Sekon. (Railway Publishing Company.)

The War in Cuba. The Experiences of an Englishman with the United States Army. By John Black Atkins. (Smith, Elder.)

The Cuban and Porto Rican Campaigns. By Richard Harding Davis. (Houghton.)

Brown, V.C. By Mrs. Alexander. (T. Fisher & Unwin.)

It is well known in political quarters that Mr. Gibson Bowles does not always take life seriously. His introduction to Lord Newton's translation of "*Trente et Quarante*," though it shows that his humour is not quite so well suited to a literary as to a Parliamentary atmosphere, yet suggests an explanation of his volatile spirit—the study, the persevering and appreciative study, of Edmond About. The possibility of such intellectual audacity as that of About becoming a potent influence at St. Stephen's inclines piquant developments, though it is doubtful that legislation would benefit in the long run. Yet the influence might not be unwelcome as a leaven, and it would certainly make life happier for "Toby, M.P.," and descriptive writers of that ilk. Mr. Bowles's jocose association of "*Paradise Lost*" and the Inland Revenue Returns of the Death Duties as the heavier literature the wrestling with which occasions deep delight to some spirits, would "bring down the House" after dinner, but it is hardly an aid to criticism, and it sounds heavily as anti-Miltonic irony—say, after the views of the "superior man" of "*Candido*." "*Trente et Quarante*" is very well translated, and it is possible, in the account of the Swiss tour and elsewhere, to get something of the original spirit. But the vivacity and flavour of About it is practically impossible to render into English. Nevertheless, one obtains even here a diverting idea of the extravagance of Moe's romanticism and of the sourness, stubbornness, and ludicrous superiority of Captain Bitterlin. As a presentation of the character of that French army-man who will hardly change an opinion though the heavens should fall, "*Trente et Quarante*" helps indirectly to throw light on the Dreyfus trouble and the Anti-Revision attitude.

Though the "*Memories of Father Healy*" recounts some witty sallies, it is not, on the whole, a book, nor the rudiments of good biography, but flotsam and jetsam of anecdote. It lacks insight, tact, and even a passable sense of literary selection. Little better than a hurried re-hash of many scrap-books, letters, and stories from obituary notices, of Father Healy's humorous self it gives, if we may so speak, something like a skeleton. Altogether, it is a rather ominous warning to living humorists of the figures they may cut for posterity. They should appoint their own fit biographers, and write and proclaim: "Cursed be all other men who compile our jokes"—or alleged jokes. Some of the "*Memories*" here given have been attributed to Swift, and surely certain others, after long service, had been sent, threadbare and shivering, from Irish homes and companies into the exterior darkness before the landing of Strongbow. Some of the puns are amongst the worst extant.

Frances Bannerman calls her poems "*Milestones*," but they have little of the definiteness and substance such a title would suggest. They might be "*milestones*" in the grottoes or dim remote regions of the earlier Maeterlinck. Once in a while one hears in her voice an echoed note, but, on the whole, she thinks for herself. However, not a little of the thought has hardly attained the clear state of consciousness, and what is distinct is occasionally imperfect and even rugged in expression. Yet ideas and a poetic temperament are Miss Bannerman's: a few poems rather than the volume as a whole make this fact apparent. Her problem is artistic and distinguished enunciation.

The book-lover will "browse" with some pleasure in Mr. John Lawler's little volume. He will also, if we may pursue the figure, chew the cud of bitter fancies before he reaches the end. For "*Book Auctions in the Seventeenth Century*" tells of treasures going for little or almost nothing at the "*Pelican*" in historic Little Britain and elsewhere. Genuine British Bibliomania was not born till long after 1676, in which year Mr. W. Cooper, taking a leaf out of the book of the Elzevirs, opened the first English book-sale, that of Dr. Seaman's library, in Warwick Lane. Theology then and later loomed largest in the world of book-auctions; *belles lettres* had a poor place or none, far behind that of occult science, for example; and among the seven hundred volumes or so which an auctioneer, as a rule, would dispose of in a day, the works of the Elizabethans and their successors made an inconsiderable show. Millington, the friend and often the street-guide of Milton, has a pleasant place in the record, for his factiousness and resource as an auctioneer were pronounced, and his prefaces to catalogues were looked upon, in a way, as New Humour of the seventeenth century. The very names of the scores of forgotten volumes in Mr. Lawler's pages have a mellow and old-world air. Mr. Lawler keeps largely to the modest provinces of prices, dates, names, and prefaces, but a pleasant and piquant essay could be founded on his facts. For the graver kind of reviewer the volume has the pensive stimulation which a churchyard tour may be said to possess at times for most Christians.

Miss Margaret B. Cross may do good work in fiction. "*Love and Olivia*," in itself an easy and pleasant story, proving an eye for the flexibilities rather than the complexities of women's character, holds the reader agreeably betrays much more than a suggestion of culture, and

shows something like a realisation of interesting phases of life. Nimbleness of perception and characterisation is more marked in it than depth, but it is possible that the writer can develop a fuller and stronger quality. The heroine is a clever and womanly Girtton lady, who lectures on Greek art and aesthetics, writes criticisms, translates (German, and is not above doing the "millinery and upholstery" for her establishment. Before her mind is really matured, she agrees to a secret marriage; but the ceremony is not completed, owing to a fainting-fit consequent on growing influenza! It does not seem so improbable nor by any means melodramatic in the book; and in after days the episode results in spiritual and social dilemma. Miss Cross touches the fringe of the "learned world," introduces one perverse but humorous woman character, and her men-folk are—well, fairly like men-folk. Her punctuation is whimsical.

Mr. Arnot Reid has observed the Far Eastern question from the vantage-ground of the resident journalist—well knowing the limits of that sort of vision. On his last trip from Singapore, he travelled from Peking to Petersburg by the very road that Peter the Great's embassy had tramped to Peking in 1720. The journey took him fifty days. The experience was worth fifty years' knowledge of the route from mere books; and he has given us the benefit of his observations, written in a vivid style, yet conceived with a saving caution, in "*From Peking to Petersburg*." The book is exceedingly interesting at a time when we would gladly hear all sides. Mr. Reid doubts whether the great mass of Chinamen object to opening up the country. The exclusiveness of the race is a Manchu rather than a Chinese characteristic. The great fact to remember is that the Chinese are the "straightest" Asiatic race. At the other end of the problem, Mr. Reid emphasises the power that Russia possesses in having a population mainly rustic, and unpoisoned by life in great cities. He makes three propositions for the future of China. The first (and best to his mind) is that the joint control of the bulk of China should be in the hands of the Anglo-American Governments, with the deliberate resolve to educate China so that at a later date she may again take her place among the nations. Failing that, Britain should make a deal with Russia, with the ultimate possibility of making that portion of the plunder claimed by the British so strong that in time it could stand alone. "The third proposal stands on a much lower plane, and amounts to our joining in the game of grab."

Lieutenant Johansen counts himself as the thirteenth member of the courageous explorers who sailed to the Pole in the *Fram* under Nansen's piloting; but his book is a record of success, and not of the failure which superstition attaches to the unlucky number. In the 350 pages at his disposal he has told the story of that memorable voyage of three years (1893-96), in which he began as stoker and ended as meteorologist, with interest and with loyalty to his leader. The volume is well illustrated and carefully translated.

Mr. G. A. Sekon, the editor of the *Railway Magazine*, aided by 146 pictures, has told the story of the steam locomotive from first to last. He crowns Richard Trevithick, the Cornish captain and engineer, as the inventor of the locomotive, for in 1796 that worthy, who was supposed by his neighbours to be "Mr. Devil," produced a steam model which ran round a room. Mr. Sekon's book is mainly technical, and is rather loosely written; but it is a useful index to the vast subject of the steam locomotive, which must sooner or later face electricity.

Mr. John Black Atkins became Tommy Atkins on behalf of the *Manchester Guardian* in the Cuban War, and he has now reprinted his racy articles from that journal. He had some curious experiences, and he has formed some picturesque conclusions. He compares the American soldier to our colonial troops; for the two, living an open-door life, are half campaigners by nature. The Spanish soldier is of fine and plastic material, while the true fighting of the Cubans is only an extension of bushcraft.

In the enormous output of literature dealing with the Cuban War, Mr. Richard Harding Davis's observations occupy a leading place, for he has the journalist's vivid touch which brings home to the man in the street the picturesque side of the struggle. He has already given us "*Cuba in War Time*," and now he enlarges his subject with the aid of a great many photographic views of the seat of war. As a specimen of his thumb-nail style, read his description of the poor young gunner's mate who was operated on. After the surgeons had cut and hacked and pieced the patient together again, the youth smiled at them (for he thought they were the enemy) with the remark: "Ah, you've can't kill me! I'm a New Yorker, by God! You've can't kill me!" Mr. Davis dedicates his book to the Hon. Hubert Howard, the correspondent of the *Times* who was killed at Omdurman.

Mrs. Alexander has put a great deal of good work into a story of indifferent interest. "*Brown, V.C.*" is the old tale of the founding who turns out to be of noble birth; and there is very little novelty in the treatment it receives. Only in the detail and in the realisation of a few of the less important characters does the popular writer show herself on her usual level. The hero is by fits and starts vigorously presented. The training and the temperament that made him what he was, and fitted him for country-house society as well as for the barracks, are well described; but his fate is so clearly foreseen all through that even a few misadventures do not induce us to take a very keen interest in him. Mrs. Alexander committed an indiscretion in making the mother desert her child. She paid for it by having to kill the mother when her son's identity was disclosed. The conventions of this kind of story do not allow of such a mother and child meeting again save for a final scene of forgiveness. If these conventions had been broken down, there would be a profounder interest in the book, but it would not have been the pleasant story written for easy-going readers that Mrs. Alexander designed to make it.

A LITERARY LETTER.

LONDON, MARCH 29, 1899.

I feel tempted to remonstrate with Dr. Conan Doyle. He is one of the writers whose success has been an unqualified joy to all who have come into contact with him, and it has been thoroughly well deserved when he is considered from the only point of view from which he would wish to be considered—his power of impressing a wide public as a good story-teller. His Sherlock Holmes stories entertained and impressed an enormous section of the community, and, indeed, it may be doubted if anyone other than Dr. Doyle has added a genuinely popular character to fiction since the time of Dickens. Sherlock Holmes the detective is such a character. As a historical novelist, again, Dr. Doyle has succeeded in enchanting us. His "*Micah Clarke*," "*The White Company*," and "*The Refugees*" were, to all lovers of a good romance, profoundly entertaining. To me, further, "*The Tragedy of the Korosko*" was a genuine success in another vein. I am quite at a loss, however, to understand some of Dr. Doyle's later ventures in fiction. One of these was "*Uncle Bernac*," which seemed to me quite an indifferent attempt to transport two or three volumes of memoirs into a novel.

Dr. Doyle, again, is not always as successful with short stories as he was with those that treated of Sherlock Holmes. In the Christmas Number of *Pearson's Magazine*, for example, I read a story by him in which a husband, jealous of his wife's friendship for a distinguished singer, catches the said singer by the throat, and, by the application of certain medical instructions, destroys his voice. Apart from the fact that this scene is strongly suggested in Ouida's "*Moths*," it is also suggested by one of Dr. Doyle's own stories, "*Under the Red Lamp*," and I submit that a novelist is not entitled to make use of an idea twice over.

Now I am still further mystified by Mr. Conan Doyle's new story, entitled "*A Duet, with an Occasional Chorus*," issued by Mr. Grant Richards. It is dedicated to "*Mrs. Maude Crosse*."—Maude Selby, who marries a man called Frank Crosse, being the heroine of the story. Mr. Doyle ought to know that you should never speak of a "*Mrs. Maude Crosse*"—that, in fact, it is utterly "bad form" to do so, and that the imaginary lady of his story from the day of her marriage is *Mrs. Frank Crosse*. I wish, indeed, that the ugly word "*Mrs.*" could drop out of our language. The opening love-letters between the two unmarried people are excellently done, but afterwards—well, a great deal of the story suggests itself to me as being little more than a Child's Guide to Knowledge. The young couple walk through Westminster Abbey and discuss the various interesting tombs, after the manner of pupil-teachers. There are chapters on housekeeping of the most exemplary character, and there is one chapter on *Pepys's Diary*. It may be all right, and this may be the kind of book that the public wants, but I can only express surprise if that is the case. Dr. Doyle must be careful of a great reputation.

I am afraid that the part of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's "*Young Lives*"—his new volume which he has just published through Arrowsmith—that interests me most is the chapter entitled "*The Wits*." Here we have a description of some of the rhymers who produced those two little volumes pertaining to the Rhymers' Club. There is a picture of Mr. Lionel Johnson, as "a pale-faced boy of fifteen, morbidly learned." There is a description of Mr. W. B. Yeats as possessed of "a small olive-skinned face crowned with purple-black hair, that kept falling in an elf-lock over his forehead, and violet eyes set slantwise." There is a description of a tall young man "with a long thin face, curtained on each side with enormous masses of black hair—like a slip of the young moon glimmering through a pinewood," and this we are soon made to see is meant for a description of Mr. Le Gallienne himself. And we have as a contrast "a short, firmly built, clerically fellow, with a head like a billiard-ball in need of a shave, a big brown moustache, and enormous spectacles." We are told that the "moon-in-the-pinewood young man" is "our young apostle of sentiment, our new man of feeling, the best-hated man we have"; and we are told that the other, with the spectacles—so easily identified as Mr. Rudyard Kipling—is—

Our young apostle of blood. He is all for muscle and brutality—and he makes all the money. It is one of our many fashions just now to sing "Britain and Brutality." But my impression is that our young man of feeling will have his day—though he will have to wait for it. He would hasten it if he would cut his hair; but that, he says, he will never do. His hair is his battle-cry; and hair, too, he says, is a gift. Well, he enjoys himself—and loves a fight, though you mightn't think it to look at him.

All this will strike some people as objectionably egotistical; others will take it in a more genial way. I have too much regard for Mr. Le Gallienne's gifts to take it otherwise than kindly, but, somehow or other, I wish he had not written it.

Mr. Elkin Mathews, the publisher, sends me word that the title of a new volume of poems published by him, Miss Alice Furlong's "*Roses and Rue*," is the copyright of another firm (Stewart and Co.), having been used by them for a volume of essays in 1894. Mr. Elkin Mathews explains that the title was "plagiarised" by pure inadvertence, and a slip has been printed for insertion in future copies. I should like to inform Messrs. Stewart and Co. and Mr. Elkin Mathews that there is absolutely no copyright whatever in titles of books; that this question has been treated again and again in the law-courts, and always to the disadvantage of those who have tried to prove their right to a particular title. The matter was fought out, for example, over a novel by Miss Braddon, which first appeared serially, and afterwards in book form—"*Barbara*." I think, was the book in question. Ultimately, as a compromise, Miss Braddon's story was called "*Just as I Am: the Story of Barbara*." But these are only matters of courtesy, they are not matters of right. C. K. S.



AN EASTER HOLIDAY HAUNT: WINDSOR FROM THE MEADOWS.



CONSTRUCTING THE SIMPLON TUNNEL: A TEAM OF OXEN BRINGING UP A BOILER.



GAMPER BAY, LAND'S END: LONGSHIPS LIGHTHOUSE IN THE DISTANCE.



THE PEAT MOORS, KYLEAKIN, ISLE OF SKYE.



KLONDIKE: LOOKING UP BONANZA CREEK FROM DISCOVERY CLAIM.

The above illustration shows the bed of the creek being worked for gold. The water is carried clear of the workings in "flumes" or troughs, which are used also for washing out the gold.



STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS: NO. XIII.—SOUTH AMERICAN CORAIS SNAKE.

By LASCELLES AND CO., 13, FITZROY STREET.

The corais is found from the Southern United States to Brazil and Bolivia; the subject of our picture being from the forests of British Guiana. Like its allies, the corais is fierce in disposition, and preys upon various small mammals and birds



STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS: No. XIV.—THE HOME OF THE PLUMBEOUS TREE-SNAKE.

By LACAPLES AND CO., 15, FITZROY STREET.

A South American representative of that great group of esubrine snakes characterised by some of the hinder upper teeth being grooved for the duct from a gland secreting a more or less poisonous fluid. Small birds and reptiles form the food of the species.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

Brown and grey are very favourite colours just now. A very light grey combined with a white braiding is a peculiar favourite with some of the smartest tailors. A jaunty little smooth-faced cloth coat held together over



A DEMI-TOILETTE EVENING BODICE.

the breast by two or three crystal or other fancy buttons, turned back above with revers and cut away below to show a vest of white cloth, the edges trimmed with white braid, and worn with a plain grey skirt, was one smart model. In another, similar in other respects, the revers were bound along under the edges with red cloth—rather gay, this, for ordinary use, but the value of red against grey, artistically speaking, is great. An all-brown dress is a useful possession for spring, never too bright for the threatening skies nor too sombre for the sunshine. A boa of brown tulle or marabout feathers, and a toque in which some gold is combined with brown tulle, or where a wall-flower-red or deep-orange velvet bow lifts the side of a brown lace-straw shape trimmed further with white and brown tulle intermixed and a gold buckle, will be found an entirely satisfactory arrangement for the season. Touches of the brightest colour can be introduced in various ways into the plainer costumes, and no colour can be too bright for this purpose. The observance of Lent in the matter of black dresses is not so noticeable as it was a few years ago, and most black gowns at present are relieved by a brighter colour in neckband, vest, or strapping from one to an opposite button, while a balayouse of the same relieving tone may be visible at intervals as the wearer walks.

Earrings have been long a subject for correspondents' anxious inquiry. The majority of women, I should judge, are aware how becoming to them such adornments would be, and are only waiting for that sanction of fashion without which most of us are afraid to make ourselves look our prettiest, however well aware we may be as to what would be improving to our looks. Those anxious querists may be satisfied that the desired ornament beside the cheek is now permissible. The mere ear-top that we have always been allowed is no longer the limit; real earrings are seen—not, indeed, the immense dingle-dangle drops that once were worn, but distinctly large ones. A circlet as big as a farthing, of gold set deeply with gems sunk in it after the manner of a gipsy ring, is well worn. As many of the younger generation of women have not had their ears pierced in childhood, the jewellers have provided shapes that open out and let the lobe of the ear pass in, and then screw firmly upon it. This is a mere putting off of the evil day! If earrings are "coming in," every votary of fashion has to bend her neck to the bodkin, for really valuable gems cannot be worn with adequate security merely screwed on the ear. Does it hurt to have the ears pierced? I had mine done when I was small, and I well remember the anguish; but a girl who had hers pierced the other day assures me it did not hurt her at all—on which her sister sarcastically remarks that she would wish to know why this heroine "turned

as white as a handkerchief" if it did not hurt. Dear, dear! what does it matter? One must suffer to be beautiful!

Batiste blouses are coming from Paris in great numbers for morning or demi-toilette wear, according to their trimming and detail. The batiste is a fine variety, soft and semi-transparent, so that dim glints of the lining colour are visible through it; and it is trimmed for the smarter occasions with open insertions that reveal the glacé silk slip more fully. Most of them fasten down the back under a box-pleat, so that the guipure lace, or Irish point, or Swiss work of the front trimming, can be arranged in a deep vandyke, under a yoke of tucks, or otherwise fancifully placed, fully to trim the front; while the back is sometimes trimmed almost as much, but more often run in a series of short tiny tucks to afford exactly enough fullness to draw becomingly into the waist under a belt. The latest whim in these transparent blouses is to have a neckband of lace only, without any lining, and perhaps a tiny V of the same description, not coming below the hollow of the throat, the neck peeping through the interstices, of course. One of the virtues of the best linen batiste is that it washes perfectly. It is much nicer in cream, but it comes in certain pale colours also.

Among the skirts that will be worn with such little dainty blouses will be some entirely tucked, or flounced, or trimmed with ruches running round the skirt, quite to the waist from the hem. Such betrimmed skirts will be worn both for day and evening. A costume just prepared for demi-toilette is of black Russian net over silver-grey satin, decorated with ruchings of black tulle, running round and round from hem to waist at close intervals, and finished with the narrowest possible fringe of steel beads under each ruche; the bodice is high at the back, opening moderately at the front between the edges of a bolero of black satin lined with grey and elaborately embroidered with steel. The tulle and net are commingled by the aid of art for the rest of it, save for the sleeves, which are grey satin covered tightly with net and trimmed round with tulle ruches and tiny steel fringes just the same as the skirt. In many respects this is quite typical of what is coming.

Picador's drawing of a demi-toilette evening bodice this week shows us a draped black chiffon crossed with bands of thick white lace; the chiffon rosettes are finished with either your diamond stars or fixed-on ornaments of the Parisian diamond manufacture. This is intended to be worn over a plain black silk or satin skirt. Then there is a very full dress gown in white satin, edged with chiffon, and decorated with embroideries of silver and pearls; two puffings of chiffon finish the foot.

NOTES.

The two leading women travellers, Miss Kingsley and Mrs. Isabella Bishop, are much to the fore just now. The quick observation and bright descriptive power that they both display make their records interesting, and intelligence and cultivated minds give real value to their remarks. Mrs. Bishop has recently travelled through the new British sphere of influence in China, and she says that it is preposterous to speak of the people there as in a state of decay. She found that their industry and prosperity were striking, and the organised charity generously supported by the rich was ready for every possible case of misfortune. Still, though their own religion has produced such good fruits, Mrs. Bishop assured the gathering of two thousand odd collectors for the Bible Society, whom she was addressing at the Mansion House, that where Christianity has penetrated, the moral benefit of it is visible. Another lady who has resided for some time in China, Mrs. Archibald Little, recently delivered a lecture at the Women's Institute, and gave an appalling account of the tortures inflicted on the hapless Chinese female infants by foot-binding. The wretched little girls often die from the mortification of the ulcers thus caused, or perhaps the feet drop off, laming them but not killing; opium is freely given them to make them sleep, as else they cry aloud all night; and the Chinese mother is compelled to appear to her child, not as our mothers are to our memories, tender comforters, but the agent of the cruellest torture, its endurance enforced by merciless beating if the victim complain too loudly of the agony. Christianity has the immediate advantage of checking this horror—not that foot-binding is a religious practice, but that those natives who will adopt our ideas on the all-important topic of their faith are open to the influence of their teachers also in this other matter, and naturally it is exerted to stop this cruelty.

Birmingham and Manchester are both trying an interesting experiment in the appointment of four paid women "health visitors." The function of these persons is novel: they are to do for a salary in a city what the "Lady Bountiful" of a village has been accustomed to do for duty—if she were not "strangely indifferent"—namely, to visit the mothers of poor families in their homes and advise them on all matters connected with their well-being. The fact that this proceeding is seldom popular with the poor, but is apt to be disparagingly described by them as "poking and prying" and "interfering," gives one pause before the notion; but it has been tried in Manchester for some time, and is said to have there been successful. The Birmingham committee are only just about to make their appointments, and, as they sagely observe, it is not merely necessary that the persons appointed shall have the knowledge that is demanded from a sanitary inspector, but they must also "be tactful, and possess the faculty of making themselves acceptable to the class of people amongst whom they are to work." Their business is to advise on such matters as the ventilation of rooms, the artificial feeding of infants and the proper feeding of those who are older, clothing, and so on. If the poor women are willing to be advised, no doubt there is abundant scope for such instruction.

Clubs for ladies have had a success that was certainly never foreseen before they were tried. Experience proves that it is found to be a real boon for women to have a well-appointed semi-private house at their command, in which to rest, meet friends, and lunch or dine alone. London is so huge that few people can avoid long journeys to the centre of things, and thus they are placed in a position to require a haven of rest somewhere at the central point. Every well-officer'd ladies' club that starts seems to be rapidly filled. The Albemarle, the first to which both sexes were admitted, and still, perhaps, the best of the mixed clubs, is so popular that anybody's name has to be down on the board for three or four years before there is a chance of election. The Pioneer has not only survived the splitting off from it of those who went, on Mrs. Massingberd's death, to the new Grosvenor, founded by Mrs. Wynford Phillips, but both it and the new one just named have gained hundreds of members rapidly. The still newer clubs—the Sesame, the Empress, the Bath—count their membership near or even above the thousand; the Alexandra, one of the few into which the foot of man may never penetrate, and having Princess Christian and her daughter among its members, is provided with its full complement of members; the Ladies' University, the membership confined to women graduates, announces that it is moving to larger premises, and so on.

Mrs. Ayrton has been honoured by an invitation to read a paper describing some recent researches of hers on "The Hissing of the Electric Arc," before the Institution of Electrical Engineers, illustrating it by experiments showing her original discoveries. This is the first time a lady has addressed this technical highly skilled audience.

Nowadays we hear of many enterprising ventures, but never before has such a unique opportunity occurred as now arises of becoming possessors of superb jewels on highly advantageous terms. J. W. Benson, Limited, of 25, Old Bond Street, London, recently purchased for cash the large stock of a noted manufacturer expressly made for other shopkeepers, comprising a large quantity of loose diamonds and pearls. Notwithstanding the recent rise in prices and an expected further rise, they are offering these superb jewels at the old prices before the rise. Many of these will be found to be below the prices then asked and are a most desirable investment. Now comes in the novelty. Following the success of the *Times* with the reprint of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," J. W. Benson, Limited, have decided to adopt the same novel plan,



A FULL DRESS GOWN OF WHITE SATIN.

and to accept twenty monthly payments on the same principle for goods selected this year of the value of £20 and upwards.

An amusing little nursery book is the latest advertising notion of the popular "Frame Food." Taking the various testimonials sent in by grateful parents and admiring nurses, the Frame Food poet has turned them into jingling lines in the metre of "Lear's Nonsense Book," and some really pretty little sketches of the several babies celebrated are printed in colours to accompany the verses. The Frame Food Co., London, S.E., will send a copy on receipt of a postcard asking for it. FLORENA.

FOR THIS YEAR ONLY.

MOST UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY.

'RISE IN THE PRICES OF DIAMONDS & PEARLS.'

As a special inducement to their Customers who do not wish to pay cash for Early Purchases, J. W. BENSON, Ltd., have adopted the "Novel Plan" initiated by *The Times* with the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and will accept 20 Monthly payments for Goods of the value of £20 to £500

The *Times* list of purchasers contains names of many of the highest in the land.

DIAMONDS and PEARLS have risen considerably in price, and a further Rise being expected, J. W. BENSON, Ltd., having previously purchased largely for Cash, offer their Choice Stock of Diamond and Pearl Ornaments, &c., &c., at the same prices as BEFORE the ADVANCE; also the remainder of the Large Stock of Jewels bought last October of a well-known West-End Manufacturer. Many of these will be found to be BELOW THE PRICES then asked, and are a most DESIRABLE INVESTMENT.

MONTHLY PAYMENTS.—ORDER FORM.

Date.....1899.

To J. W. BENSON, Ltd., 25, Old Bond Street, London, W.

I enclose £..... Please deliver to me the Goods selected by me amounting to £..... The balance of which sum I agree to pay you, or anyone you appoint, at the rate of £..... a month; my next payment to be made upon the delivery of the Goods, and my succeeding payments on the corresponding day of each month following. Until such payments are complete, I engage that the Goods, not being my property, shall not be disposed of by sale or otherwise. I further agree that if owing to unforeseen circumstances, of which you shall be the judge, the Goods cannot be delivered, the return of the deposit of £..... to me shall cancel this order.

Signed.....

I²..... Address.....

The privilege of making Monthly or Quarterly Payments is accorded to residents in the United Kingdom only. References requested.

J. W. BENSON, LTD.,

H.M. THE QUEEN'S JEWELLERS,



CATALOGUES
FREE.

SELECTIONS
ON APPROVAL.



25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

HEAL & SON'S Bedroom Furniture.



SIMPLE. ARTISTIC. INEXPENSIVE.

New Catalogue of Bedsteads, Bedding, and Bedroom Furniture post free.

195, 197, 196, 198, **TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.**

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST,

And 164, 166, & 170, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.



Irish Linen & Damask Manufacturers and Furnishers to

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, THE EMPRESS FREDERICK,

Members of the Royal Family, and the Courts of Europe,

Supply the Public with Every Description of

HOUSEHOLD LINENS

From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the World, which, being Woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-power loom goods.

FULL DETAILED ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS AND SAMPLES POST FREE.

N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be sent Direct to Belfast.

DREW & SONS, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON, W.

DREWS' NEW
'GRANDE VITESSE'
TRUNK.

The Ideal Trunk for
Lady's Use.

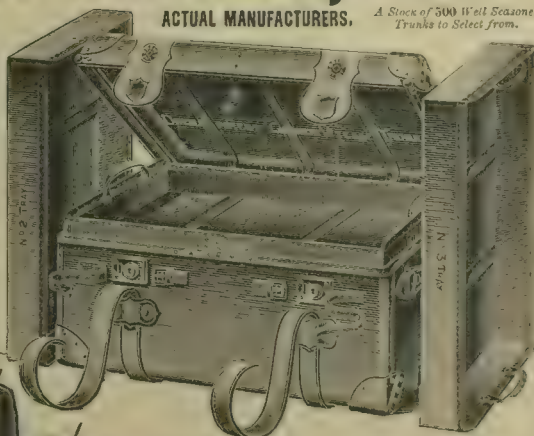
Easy of Access. Crushing entirely avoided. Dresses, &c. being packed in separate trays. All sizes in Stock made of DREWS' PATENT WOOD FIBRE, and covered in dark brown Waterproof Sateen cloth, OR in Solid Ox Hide.

CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION

The Lightest and Strongest Trunks are those made of DREWS' Patent Wood Fibre.

ACTUAL MANUFACTURERS.

A Stock of 500 Well Seasoned Trunks to Select from.



DREWS' NEW HAT AND BONNET CASE.

Feathers and Trimmings cannot get crushed or damaged when travelling. Hats are pinned with Bonnet Pins on Soft Wicker Cones. NO METAL CLAWS OR CLIPS USED. Cases are strongly made and covered in dark brown Waterproof Sateen cloth, bound Leather; Leather Handle on Top, good Brass Lock, &c., including 6 Wicker Cones, and 12 Special Hat Pins. Size No. 5, 24 in. long by 12 in. wide by 14 in. high, holds 6 Hats comfortably; price, 39 = Same Case, covered Ox Hide, £3. 6s. 6d.

Cheques should accompany Orders by Post.

DREW & SONS,

Actual PATENT "EN ROUTE" TEA & DRESSING BAGS & Makers of AND LUNCHEON BASKETS FITTED CASES.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 1, 1896) of Mr. Arthur Pease, of Darlington, Durham, and Marske, Yorkshire, who died on Aug. 27 last, was proved on March 17 by Arthur Francis Pease and Herbert Pike Pease, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £439,036. The testator gives £1000 and his household furniture, pictures, plate, carriages, and horses to his wife, Mrs. Mary Lecky Pease; his share and interest in the partnership business of J. and J. W. Pease, bankers, to his sons Arthur and Herbert; legacies to servants; and he directs his executors, for a period not exceeding two years, to pay such amounts to religious or charitable institutions or objects as he has been in the habit of subscribing to. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife during her life, and then to his children in such shares and on such conditions as she may by deed or instrument appoint, and in default thereof to his children, the share of his son Francis to be four times, the share of his son Herbert to be three times, and the share of his son Claud Edward to be double that of his daughters, but large sums already given to them are to be brought into hotchpot.

The will (dated Nov. 14, 1898) of Mr. Henry Trower, of 36, Gloucester Square, and 39, St. Mary-at-Hill, E.C. a director of the Commercial Union Assurance Company, who died on Jan. 9, was proved on March 8 by Henry Seymour Trower and Percy Bence Trower, the sons, and Robert Edward Leman, the son-in-law, the executors, the value of the estate being £195,745. The testator bequeaths his furniture and household effects to his daughter, Ethel Maud; £5000 to his niece, Isabella Teesdale; £1000, upon trust, for his sister, Elizabeth Teesdale, for life, and then between her daughters, except her daughter Isabella; £500 to R. E. Leman; £200 to his sister-in-law, Rosa Georgiana Seymour; £100 each to his nieces, Isabella and Augusta Trower; and specific bequests of plate and yacht-racing cups to his children. The residue of his real



HOTEL GREAT CENTRAL, ELEVATION TO MARYLEBONE ROAD.

This splendid new hotel is about to become very popular with travellers. It has been fitted throughout by Messrs. Maple and Co. with every modern luxury. The Great Central Railway Company are leaving nothing on one to secure the comfort of their passengers. Among the fittings of every Dining-Car is the Berkefeld Filter, ensuring absolutely pure water for passengers' use.

and personal estate he leaves between his four children, Henry Seymour, Percy Bence, Ethel Maud, and Mrs. Rosa Blanche Leman, in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 9, 1896) of Mr. Martin Mason Reynard, J.P., of East Hall, Middleton Tyas, Richmond, Yorkshire, and formerly of Otterburn Tower, Northumberland, who died on Feb. 1, was proved on March 16 by Mrs. Eleanor Mary Reynard, the widow, and Captain Francis Horner Reynard, the brother, the executors, the value of the estate being £46,119. The testator gives £100 to his brother Francis, and, subject thereto, leaves all his personal estate, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then to his children.

The will (dated Dec. 2, 1898) of Sir John Nugent, of 14, Rutland Square, Dublin, Commissioner of Control and Inspector-General of Lunatic Asylums in Ireland, who died on Jan. 26, was proved in London on March 21 by

Richard Nugent, the son, and James Fagan Rochford, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £38,870. The testator gives £8000 each to his sons Richard and Hammond; £10,000 and £1200, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Sarah Young; £6500 and his jewels, plate, pictures, and articles of vertu to his son John; £82 for the poor of Thomastown, Kilkenny; £85 for the repair and adornment of the interior of the Roman Catholic Chapel at Thomastown; and a few small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves between his four children.

The will (dated Jan. 8, 1896) of the Rev. Charles Augustus Hope, rector of Barwick-in-Elmet, Yorkshire, and Hon. Canon of Ripon, youngest son of the late Sir John Hope, Bart., was proved on March 14 by Mrs. Julia Sophia Hope, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £23,595. The testator leaves all his property to his wife.

The will (dated Dec. 9, 1892) of Mr. Charles Philip Moir, of 49, Highbury Hill, who died on Feb. 13, was proved on March 17 by Mrs. Louisa Moir, the widow, Robert Hill Sandeman, and Charles Barnard, the executors, the value of the estate being £31,754. The testator gives £100 and his furniture and household effects to his wife; £20 each to R. H. Sandeman and C. Barnard; and, subject thereto, leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood, and then to his children in equal shares.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated July 4, 1878) of Admiral John Hay, of 7, Chalmers Crescent, Edinburgh, who died on Jan. 18, granted to Mrs. Elizabeth Hay, the widow, and John Ramsey Anderson, the son-in-law, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on March 15, the value of the estate in England and Scotland being £20,836.

The will (dated Aug. 16, 1898) of Lieutenant-Colonel William Ker Gray, of 7, Charles Street, St. James's, who died on Jan. 10, was proved on March 9 by Mrs. Margaret

Mappin & Webb's

(Ltd.)

STERLING SILVER AND "PRINCE'S PLATE" (Regd. 71,552).



Sterling Silver Fluted Bowl, for Flowers, Fruits, Punch, &c.
8 in. diameter, £7 15s.
10 in. " 9 15s.
12 in. " 11 15s.
14 in. " 13 15s.
Plinths included.



Fluted Sterling Silver Tea and Coffee Service, complete, £39 10s.
3-Pint Kettle and Stand, £27 10s.
24-in. Tea-Tray, £42.

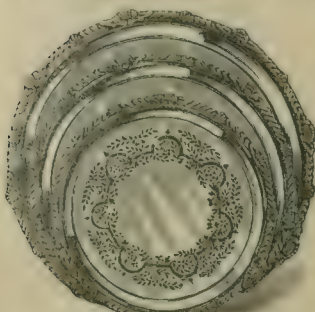


Fluted Candlesticks.
Sterling Silver, 7 1/2 in. high, £5 15s.
Prince's Plate, 7 1/2 in. " 3 8s.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS POST FREE.



Richly Fluted Prince's Plate Soup Tureen, fitted with Loose Dish and Drainer, for use as a Breakfast Dish.
8 in. ... £5 10s. 10 in. ... £6 5s.
12 in. ... £8 15s. 14 in. ... £9 15s.
In Sterling Silver, £22 15s., £25 15s., £33 15s.



Fancy Gadroon Mounted Salvers, with Richly Plain Engraved Centres.
8 in. ... £5 10s. 10 in. ... £6 10s.
12 in. ... £7 10s. 14 in. ... £8 10s.
16 in. ... £9 10s. 18 in. ... £10 10s.
Sterling Silver Richly Chased Sugar-Dragger, 7 in. high, £3 15s.



Sterling Silver Oval Mustard-Pot, with Glass Lining, Cover and Body Chased Flutes, £2 10s.



Sterling Silver Gadroon Ink-bottle, 2 Cut-Glass Ink-Bottles, with Silver Gadroon Mounts, 8 in. long, £6 15s.

WEST END—
158 to 162 OXFORD ST.
LONDON, W.

GOODS SENT TO THE COUNTRY ON APPROVAL.
Manufacture and Show-Rooms—
The Royal Works, Norfolk Street, Sheffield.

CITY (Facing the Mansion House)—
2 QUEEN VICTORIA ST.
LONDON, E.C.

*"All I want is a
Little Bit Off the Top."*

3d.
Per
Packet
of
TEN.



**OGDEN'S
"GUINEA-GOLD"
CIGARETTES.**

ACCIDENTS and AILMENTS.

THE

ELLIMAN FIRST AID BOOK

FOR

Horses, Dogs, Birds, Cattle

PART I.—HORSES	PAGES. 12-76	PART III.—BIRDS	PAGES. 113-130
PART II.—DOGS	77-112	PART IV.—CATTLE	131-170

PREFACE.

"THE information contained in 'Accidents and Ailments' is offered as likely to be of assistance in the treatment of such Animals as are indicated by the Title Page, in some instances probably ensuring a complete cure, or at all events a reduction of diseases and alleviation of injuries. Such treatment will be more effectual, through the proper mode of application of Elliman's Embrocation being known, and in these pages treatment is rendered clearer than is possible in a paper of directions wrapped round a bottle.

"It will be apparent that Elliman's Embrocation is not recommended as the sole and exclusive treatment necessary in every case. The decision as to what cases require the services of a Veterinary Surgeon must be left to the discretion of the Owner of the Animal.

"The one aim of the Book is to treat of Ailments where Elliman's Embrocation can be usefully employed, and to offer other information which may be of service."

Owners of Animals can have a copy sent post free upon receipt of Sixpence and a legible address, or the label from a wrapper of a 2s., 2s. 6d., or 3s. 6d. bottle of Elliman's Embrocation would secure a copy post free.

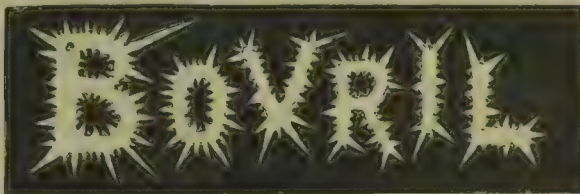
DOGS-BIRDS SECTION ONLY IS FREE OF CHARGE.

PUBLISHED BY

ELLIMAN, SONS, & CO., SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

The Perils of Cold Weather

To weak and delicate persons, cold weather, especially a sudden burst of it, is a most dangerous enemy. Even the healthy and strong are not proof against its insidious attacks. Cold weather finds out the weak parts of the system, and health is at once imperilled. BOVRIL is the most reliable safeguard; it infuses the whole system with a resisting power against cold—viz., with natural heat, renewed strength, increased vitality.



Being a wholesome stimulant as well as a pure condensed food of remarkable strength, BOVRIL sustains and nourishes when nourishment and stimulation are most needed, thus shielding the system against attack in moments of weakness, and fatigue, and when exposure to the cold renders the body an easy prey to the prevalent epidemic,

Influenza,

and other complaints incident to wintry weather.



"I WONDER IF MARY JANE'S GOT ANY **BOVRIL?**"

Lawson, the sole executrix, the value of the estate being £19,339. He bequeaths £200 each to his brothers the Rev. Walter Augustus Gray and Colonel Arthur Gray, and to his sisters Mrs. Eleanor Wooler, Mrs. Jane Clarke, and Mrs. Essex Thompson. The residue of his property he leaves to Mrs. Margaret Lawson.

The will (dated July 6, 1892), with a codicil (dated Aug. 30, 1893), of Colonel William Gilly Andrewes, of Rock, Washington, near Pulborough, who died on Jan. 12, was proved on March 16 by Mrs. Marie Charlotte Wilhelmina Andrewes, the widow, and George Lancelot Andrewes, the cousin, the executors, the value of the estate being £17,383. The testator bequeaths his furniture, pictures, plate, and household effects to his wife, and £100 to G. L. Andrewes. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and at her decease to his children. Should there be no issue he gives £2000 to their four nephews and nieces, the children of Major-General John Taylor; £2000 to his niece Mrs. Emily Georgina Colles; £300 to his niece Helen Sarah Dallas; and the ultimate residue between the children of his brother, the Rev. Nesfield Andrewes.

The will (dated Aug. 5, 1895), with a codicil (dated Oct. 25, 1898), of Mrs. Louisa Quckett, of 9, Eccleston Square, widow of the Rev. William Quckett, rector of Warrington, Lancashire, who died on Feb. 6, was proved on March 11 by Alfred James South Quckett and George Paton Balfour, the executors, the value of the estate being £17,181. After giving a few small legacies and specific

gifts, the testatrix leaves her property, upon trust, to pay two thirds of the income thereof to her son Robert Grant Webster, M.P., and subject thereto, upon further trusts, for her grandson Gerald Vere Webster.

The will (dated May 7, 1890), with three codicils (dated July 14, 1891, Feb. 3, 1892, and Oct. 20, 1893), of Mr. Philip Maurice Muntz, of Hook, Surbiton, son of the late P. H. Muntz, M.P., was proved on March 16 by Mrs. Agnes Rundle Muntz, the widow, and Richard Alfred P'nsent, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £17,045. The testator leaves all his property, upon sundry trusts and conditions, for his wife and family.

The will of Mr. John Shaw Darlington, of Monument House, Wigan, who died on Oct. 16, was proved at the Liverpool District Registry on Feb. 1 by James Darlington, the brother, and Ann Clayton Darlington and Ellen Jane Darlington, the sisters, the executors, the value of the estate being £9617.

The will of Mr. Josiah Rigby Wyld, of Penketh House, Penketh, near Warrington, who died on Nov. 28, has been proved by Mrs. Jane Sarah Wyld, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £11,506.

The will of Mr. John Hattersley Crossfield, of Oak Bank, Hyde Road, Gorton, Lancashire, who died on Jan. 30, was proved on March 14 by Alfred Henry Jefferson, the nephew, William Alfred Lowins, and Alfred Saxton, the executors, the value of the estate being £9614.

A SHIELD FOR CHOIR-SINGING.

The silver challenge shield shown in our Illustration was designed and manufactured to the order of Earl Grey, and presented by him to the National Co-operative Festival. The shield is of sterling silver, mounted upon a bronze and oak back, surmounted by a finely modelled figure of Victory. Below is a plaque bearing an engraving of the Crystal Palace, where the festival is held. The design and work were executed by her Majesty's silversmiths, Mappin and Webb, Limited, 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and 158 to 162, Oxford Street, W. The shield has been awarded to the Bradford Co-operative Society for the present year.



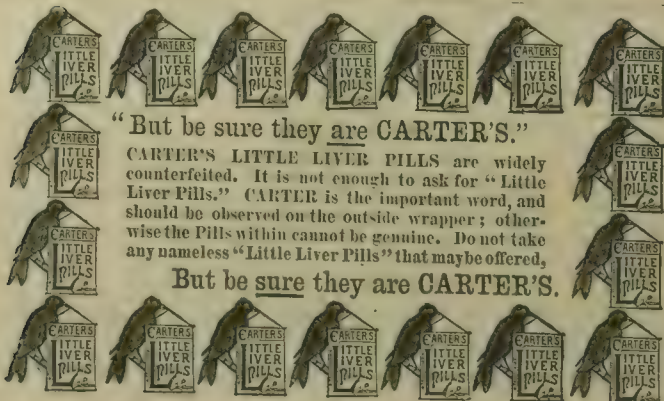
Street, W. The shield has been awarded to the Bradford Co-operative Society for the present year.

PEARS' SOAP

Matchless
for the
Complexion.



An Advertisement drawn by the late
H. STACY MARKS, R.A.,
For Messrs. PEARS.



"But be sure they are CARTER'S."

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are widely counterfeited. It is not enough to ask for "Little Liver Pills." CARTER is the important word, and should be observed on the outside wrapper; otherwise the Pills within cannot be genuine. Do not take any nameless "Little Liver Pills" that may be offered.

But be sure they are CARTER'S.

WATCHES.



Gentleman's Gold English Keyless "Lever" Watch, Three-quarter Plate, Fully Jewelled, Compensation Balance, in Strong 18-ct. Gold Hunter or Demi-Hunter Cases, with Handsomely Engraved Monogram, £17.

In Solid Silver Case £6.

A Large Assortment of Gentlemen's Watches in Stock from £1 7s. 6d. upwards.

The GOLDSMITHS COMPANY beg to announce that they have greatly extended their Watch Department, and are now placing before the public AN EXCEPTIONALLY FINE ASSORTMENT OF HIGH-CLASS GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, AT PRICES 25 PER CENT. BELOW THOSE USUALLY CHARGED BY OTHER HOUSES FOR SIMILAR GOODS.

The Department is under the charge of a thoroughly competent practical man, who will at all times be happy to give advice and assistance in the Selection or Repairing of Watches.

THE COMPANY'S WATCHES ARE THE FINEST MANUFACTURED.

New Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

Selections of Watches Forwarded on Approval.

A Comparison of Prices and Quality is Invited.

THE
GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY, LTD.,
112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.
Telephone: 3729. (Adjoining Stereoscopic Company.) Telegrams: "Argennon," London.

LARGE CONSIGNMENT OF CARPETS.

2,500 PERSIAN KURD CARPETS

AT

13s. 9d. EACH

Size about 8 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. 6 in.

This is an opportunity of Purchasing these Carpets, which are well known for their WEAR-RESISTING QUALITIES, at Prices

ABSOLUTELY LESS THAN COST.

The Price will be Advanced as soon as the present Accumulation of Stock is disposed of.

SAMPLE CARPET sent to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom on receipt of P.O.O. for 15s. Stock may be inspected and Carpets selected at the Warehouses of the Importers.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

TRELOAR & SONS, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

Catalogues of all the Best Floor Coverings post free.

HAMPTON & SONS, LTD.

Invite Inspection of the Unrivalled Display of all the
LATEST & MOST TASTEFUL PRODUCTIONS IN
Decorations, Furniture,
Carpets, Fabrics,



Hampton & Sons' Carved Oak Dwarf Bookcase, 3 ft. long, 3 ft. 6 in. high, £1 7s.



Hampton & Sons' "Warrington" Wicker Chair, covered in Tapestry, very comfortable, stuffed over edges. Seat 24 in. by 18 in., £1 15s.



Hampton and Sons' Mahogany Envelope Folding Card Table, with drawer and lined green cloth, £2 19s. 6d.

Household Linens, Lace Curtains, Bedsteads, Bedding, Ironmongery, China and Glass, &c.

Now on View at their Pall Mall East Establishment, marked in Plain Figures at the

MOST COMPETITIVE PRICES IN LONDON.

Suggestive Schemes, together with Estimates for Furnishing Throughout, in best manner, at least outlay.

A Single Room, a Flat, or an Entire House, prepared Free.

RENOVATIONS, REMOVALS, AND WAREHOUSING.

HAMPTON & SONS have unlimited facilities for executing in the promptest and best possible manner RENOVATIONS of every description. Furniture re-covered. Carpets and Fabrics cleaned. Bedding re-made. Estimates Free. Furniture Removed and Warehoused at lowest London competitive prices. Estimates Free.

ORDERS BY POST DEPARTMENT.

HAMPTON & SONS' Postal Department is equipped with every facility for the despatch, by return post, of priced patterns of any description of Fabrics, and for promptly executing with the utmost care all orders received. HAMPTON & SONS Pay Carriage to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom on purchases over 20s. Patterns Free.



Hampton & Sons' Solid Carved Oak Octagonal Table, 2 ft. 6 in. diameter, with eight legs and shell, 2 ft. 6 in. high, £1 8s. 6d.



Hampton & Sons' Fine Mahogany and Satinwood Inlaid Bureau, interior fitted with pigeon-holes and two drawers, 23 in. wide, 38 in. high, lined morocco, fitted with five four-lever locks, £6 18s. 6d.



Hampton & Sons' Mahogany Occasional Table, with 19 in. shaped hexagonal top and six shaped legs, £1 19s. 6d.



Hampton and Sons' Mahogany and Satinwood Bureau Bookcase, 3 ft. 3 in. wide, 6 ft. 6 in. high, two drawers beneath secretaire, £10 18s. 6d.

PALL MALL EAST.
TRAFALGAR SQUARE S.W.

CHOCOLAT

Suchard

70 YEARS' REPUTATION.

Anyone can tell a natural flower from a painted one—so can anyone tell genuine chocolate flavour from badly made, mixed, burnt, or adulterated chocolate. The genuine aroma cannot be mistaken, as there is nothing in the whole realm of Nature which exactly imitates it. **CHOCOLAT SUCHARD** has that genuine flavour because it is pure and is carefully made.

All Chocolates, Coconas, and Bon-Bons bearing the name of **SUCHARD** are of the Highest Quality only.

It is

MOST

essential that Sauce taken with Meats, Fish, Gravies, &c., &c., should be of the purest possible character, and, while tending to quicken the appetite, should also aid Digestion. **GORDON & DILWORTH'S TOMATO CATSUP** possesses these qualities in a marked degree. Most

PEOPLE

enjoy the delicious Tomato; and this very popular fruit is gathered in its prime and conserved under **GORDON & DILWORTH'S NEW PROCESS**, thus producing an article which, in every sense of the word, is unsurpassed and unsurpassable. The Proprietors

THINK

it essential to ask the Public to see they obtain **GORDON & DILWORTH'S** original.

Made from **WHOLE FRESH TOMATOES.**

Stimulates, and makes you Fresh and Bright.
USED BY THE ROYAL FAMILY.

SIXPENCE and ONE SHILLING per Bottle.

Small Sample Bottle free by post on receipt of 2d. to cover postage.

Please name "The Illustrated London News."

If any difficulty in obtaining, write—

W. B. FORDHAM & SONS, Ltd.,
36 to 40, York Rd., King's
Cross, London, N.

OR TO

WILLIAM TAYLOR & SON,
Elm Row, Edinburgh.

Stores and all Grocers will supply.



SALMON AND THE SALMON FISHER.

In a London newspaper recently (so an angling friend assures us wrathfully) a writer on a subject of sport and pisciculture spoke of "the salmonidae, as the young of salmon are called." Salmonidae, he evidently imagined, is a diminutive—little salmon. Such ignorant nonsense is only too typical of the popular knowledge of the salmon. That it fluctuates in price on the slabs of the fishmonger, but always is expensive, and that it has a homing instinct, like carrier-pigeons, and leaps gracefully over rocks and flanges: these are almost the only limits to the general ignorance about the fish. The strange fact is that the experts as well—the angler who kills the salmon, the netters who sell them, the bailiffs who watch them, even the natural history gentlemen who vivisection them in the sporting papers—have to confess to a woeful lack of definite and assured information on the subject. And yet the salmon, more than any other creature in these islands affording sport, more than the grouse, the pheasant, the partridge, or even the fox, influences our social economy.

It would take more space than can be afforded us here to substantiate this last proposition; but at least one part of the demonstration may be noted. Fox-hunting and the shooting of grouse and pheasant are strictly limited

to a uniform open season. You may ride to hounds during five months of the year, no more. Grouse may be shot between Aug. 12 and Dec. 10 only; pheasants, from Oct. 1 to Feb. 1. Whereas the close season for salmon varies so greatly in different waters that salmon-fishing may be said to go on for ever for the man whose purse is exhausted. It is only at the very extremes of the year that time need hang heavily upon such a one's hands. The almanacs tell us that in Scotland salmon-fishing begins on Feb. 11 and ends on Sept. 1. They refer to the nets, and even there are not strictly accurate, though the dates they give are the extreme limits for net-fishing. The season for anglers is greatly less curtailed. And although most of the waters close on Oct. 31, and some, as the Beaulieu, Findhorn, Ness, still earlier, a few are open in November, and the Tweed until the last day of that month. So that, in Scotland alone, there is only a period of six weeks or so—from Dec. 1 to Jan. 10—during which the keen salmon-angler cannot find a fishing beat.

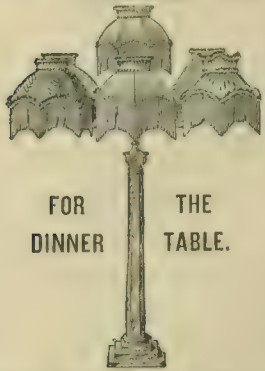
That the most expert salmon-fisher is completely at the mercy of wind and weather was clearly shown last year. The season of 1898 opened amid favourable conditions. It is true that on certain waters there was a scarcity of fish, partly, as a writer in the *Field* demonstrated recently, owing to the long frost of 1895, partly, it is almost too sure, because of the overnetting which is rapidly ruining

our salmon waters. Still, there was plenty of fish in many of the rivers, and, to begin with, a satisfactory volume of water and suitable weather; but the drought set in early and lasted long, and then there came floods that were half-floods only, so that on all waters save those that remained open in November it was for the salmon-fisher a dismal year—possibly the most dismal on record. Of the present spring season it is impossible to speak as yet. Even on the earliest waters it is not until long after the legal opening day that sport is general in the best of years.

With the mention of "earliest" waters we are plunged at once into one of the many salmon problems. An "early" river is a river in which there is a run of clean salmon early in the year. Such are the Aberdeenshire Dee, the Naver, the Helmsdale, the Thurso, the Brora. Now, why do salmon run up these rivers from the sea some months earlier than they run into others—the late rivers, it being noted, lying as a rule farther west or south? And why, even among "early" rivers, are some earlier than others? It might be supposed that with sportsmen and fishery boards and unattached students of natural history so plentiful, this problem would have been solved long ago to the satisfaction of all. But no. Temperature, possibly, is the favoured solution, but it is not undisputed. No theory about salmon ever is. Has there not been raging recently a controversy as to

"CRICKLITE" LAMPS AND WAX LIGHTS

(CLARKE'S PATENT).



FOR THE
DINNER TABLE.

A Show-Room at 132, REGENT STREET, W., has been opened for the sale of these Charming Lamps for Lighting a Dinner-Table.

N.B.—These Lamps can be obtained only at the "CRICKLITE" LAMP SHOW-ROOM, 132, REGENT STREET, W., or from the Manufacturers.

CLARKE'S PYRAMID AND FAIRY LIGHT CO., LTD., CRICKLEWOOD, LONDON, N.W.

CAUTION.—Purchasers are requested to see that the Trade Mark, "CRICKLITE," is upon every Lamp and Standard, as Imitations are being offered. Legal proceedings will be taken against any Dealer selling or offering for sale a Lamp as a "CRICKLITE" Lamp, not being made by

CLARKE'S PYRAMID & FAIRY LIGHT CO., LTD.
ONLY DEPOT—
132, REGENT STREET, W.

HINDE'S

The late Lord Justice Hardy, on the application of Mr. Louis I. Hindes, Q.C., awarded a writ of Habeas Corpus, directing that the said Hindes should be released from his detention in the House of Detention, and that he should be allowed to travel abroad.

It is stated that the said Hindes was arrested on the 15th inst. on a charge of having committed a crime, and that he was detained in the House of Detention, and that he was allowed to travel abroad.

It is further stated that the said Hindes was released from his detention in the House of Detention, and that he was allowed to travel abroad.

It is also stated that the said Hindes was released from his detention in the House of Detention, and that he was allowed to travel abroad.

It is further stated that the said Hindes was released from his detention in the House of Detention, and that he was allowed to travel abroad.

It is also stated that the said Hindes was released from his detention in the House of Detention, and that he was allowed to travel abroad.

It is further stated that the said Hindes was released from his detention in the House of Detention, and that he was allowed to travel abroad.

It is also stated that the said Hindes was released from his detention in the House of Detention, and that he was allowed to travel abroad.

It is further stated that the said Hindes was released from his detention in the House of Detention, and that he was allowed to travel abroad.

It is also stated that the said Hindes was released from his detention in the House of Detention, and that he was allowed to travel abroad.

It is further stated that the said Hindes was released from his detention in the House of Detention, and that he was allowed to travel abroad.

It is also stated that the said Hindes was released from his detention in the House of Detention, and that he was allowed to travel abroad.

It is further stated that the said Hindes was released from his detention in the House of Detention, and that he was allowed to travel abroad.

It is also stated that the said Hindes was released from his detention in the House of Detention, and that he was allowed to travel abroad.

It is further stated that the said Hindes was released from his detention in the House of Detention, and that he was allowed to travel abroad.

It is also stated that the said Hindes was released from his detention in the House of Detention, and that he was allowed to travel abroad.

It is further stated that the said Hindes was released from his detention in the House of Detention, and that he was allowed to travel abroad.

It is also stated that the said Hindes was released from his detention in the House of Detention, and that he was allowed to travel abroad.

It is further stated that the said Hindes was released from his detention in the House of Detention, and that he was allowed to travel abroad.

It is also stated that the said Hindes was released from his detention in the House of Detention, and that he was allowed to travel abroad.

It is further stated that the said Hindes was released from his detention in the House of Detention, and that he was allowed to travel abroad.

It is also stated that the said Hindes was released from his detention in the House of Detention, and that he was allowed to travel abroad.

It is further stated that the said Hindes was released from his detention in the House of Detention, and that he was allowed to travel abroad.

It is also stated that the said Hindes was released from his detention in the House of Detention, and that he was allowed to travel abroad.

It is further stated that the said Hindes was released from his detention in the House of Detention, and that he was allowed to travel abroad.

It is also stated that the said Hindes was released from his detention in the House of Detention, and that he was allowed to travel abroad.

It is further stated that the said Hindes was released from his detention in the House of Detention, and that he was allowed to travel abroad.

It is also stated that the said Hindes was released from his detention in the House of Detention, and that he was allowed to travel abroad.

It is further stated that the said Hindes was released from his detention in the House of Detention, and that he was allowed to travel abroad.

It is also stated that the said Hindes was released from his detention in the House of Detention, and that he was allowed to travel abroad.

PHILLIPS'S

Her Majesty's Potters
and Glass Manufacturers.

17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22.

MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE,
W.



THE GADROON DINNER SERVICE.

Pattern in Blue or Slate Colour.

Set for 6 Persons, 22 5s. 9d.; Set for 12 Persons, 24 7s.

Our Own Design.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

TEA SETS.

BREAKFAST SETS.

DINNER SETS.

TOILET SETS.

DESSERT SETS.

LUNCHEON SETS.

GLASS SETS.

Samples of Services on Approval Carriage Paid.

HITCHING'S GOLD MEDAL BABY CARS

LONDON

REGENT HOUSE, REGENT ST. W.
29, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.
28, ST. GEORGE'S PLACE,
HYDE PARK CORNER.

WORKS {DUKE STREET, LIVERPOOL.
LUDGATE SQUARE, LONDON.

LIVERPOOL {165-167, DUKE STREET.
74, BOLD STREET.

BANKERS {CITY BANK, Ltd.
CAPITAL AND COUNTIES BANK.

HITCHINGS, Ltd., are the Premier Manufacturers of High Grade Baby Carriages in the World, having special facilities for the supply of High Grade Carriages at the Lowest Prices.

BABY CARRIAGES,
From 2 to 25 Guineas.

BABY CARS,
From 15/6 to 10 Guineas.

PICTORIAL SHEETS POST FREE.

Telegrams: "HITCHING, LONDON."

Telephone: "2543, GEREARD."

THE YOST

TYPEWRITER CO., LTD.

COPYING DEPARTMENT

All kinds of Professional, Legal, and General Copying Work promptly executed at Standard Rates.

MORE THAN 100

Operators constantly at Work. Addressing of Wrappers and Envelopes a Speciality.

PRICE LIST ON APPLICATION.

SHORTHAND CLERKS.

Employers in want of Clerks for temporary or permanent situations should communicate with us. A large staff of competent male and female Clerks always on hand.

EXPERT STENOGRAPHERS

(With or without Machines) sent to any Hotel at a moment's notice.

TERMS ON APPLICATION.

Head Office—

50, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

West-End Branch—

303, OXFORD STREET, W.

Telephone No. 711, Holborn

Telegrams: "Writers," London.



Allen & Hanburys'



COD LIVER OIL.

THE "Perfected" Cod-liver Oil is manufactured from FRESH and SELECTED LIVERS of the Cod Fish only at ALLEN & HANBURY'S factories in Norway. By the special processes employed all noxious oxidation products are avoided, and the "PERFECTED" Oil can be borne and digested when other Cod-liver Oils are refused.

NOTICE.

ALLEN & HANBURY'S desire to state, as emphatically as possible, that their "Perfected" Cod-liver Oil is never supplied in bulk to be bottled by retail dealers, and that no Cod-liver Oil represented as being their Perfected is genuine unless sold in their original packages and bearing their Signature in white across the label, and their Trade Mark—a Plough.

Frequent misrepresentations render this caution necessary.

THE LION'S SHARE



BENSON'S KEYLESS WATCHES

Guaranteed for Accuracy, Durability, and Strength.

In 18-ct. Gold Cases. In Silver Cases.

£10 **£5**

BENSON'S
"Special Make"
Lady's Keyless
THREE-QUARTER
PLATE

LEVER.

Seconds Dial. In 18-ct. Gold Cases, either Hunting, or Crystal Glass, with Monogram Engraved Free.

Price £10.

Or in Silver Cases, £5.

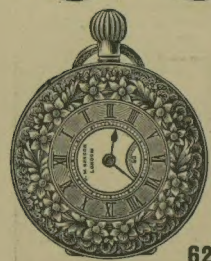
Illustrated Book of Watches and Jewellery Post Free.

Selections sent on Approval.

J. W. BENSON,
Steam Factory, Ltd.

62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

And at 25, OLD BOND STREET, W., and 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.



In 18-ct. Gold Cases.

£15

In strong

18-ct. Gold Crystal Glass Cases, Price £15.

Or in Silver Cases, £5.

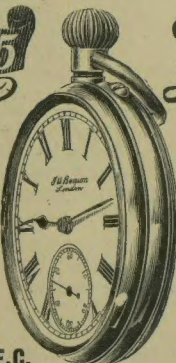
Illustrated Book of Watches and Jewellery Post Free.

Selections sent on Approval.

J. W. BENSON,
Steam Factory, Ltd.

62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

And at 25, OLD BOND STREET, W., and 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.



In Silver Cases.

£5

BENSON'S 'BANK'
Best London Make.

KEYLESS THREE-QUARTER PLATE ENGLISH LEVER.

The only Filter proved to afford complete protection against the communication of waterborne disease, "which gives a quick and large supply sufficient for all household requirements," is

THE BERKEFELD FILTER

Adopted by H.M.'s the Indian, the Egyptian and Many Foreign Governments.

VISIT TO SHOW-ROOM AND CORRESPONDENCE INVITED

Illustrated Price List and Testimonials Free on Application.

OFFICES AND SHOW-ROOMS—

THE BERKEFELD FILTER CO., LIMITED,
121, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

City Depot—SCHACHT, WARNER, and CO., 55, Fore Street, E.C.



A VERY ECHO OF NATURE.

Mülhens' Rhine Violets

Distilled from freshly gathered Rhine Violets.

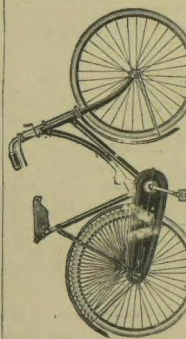
INSIST UPON

MÜLHENS' "RHINE VIOLETS"

And see that **FERD. MÜLHENS'** name is on every bottle, 3/-, 5/6, 9/-, 20/- per Bottle. "Rhine Violet" Sachets, 2/6 each. "Rhine Violet" Soap, 2/6 per Tablet, or 7/- per Box of 3 Tablets.

Of most Dealers in first-class Perfumes, or from

"4711" Depot, 62, NEW BOND STREET, W.



"FIRST GRADE"

HUMBERS

£17 17s. £18 18s.

GENUINE
BEESTON

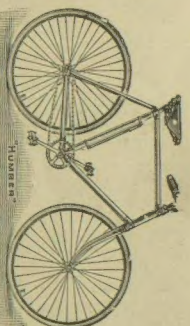
HUMBERS

FITTED WITH THEIR PERFECT
ANTI-FRICTION BEARING,
From **£23.**

HUMBER'S . .
FREE PEDALS
GIVE A NEW CHARM TO CYCLING.
£1 extra.

"Modele D'or"
BEESTON HUMBER,
WITH ALL THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS,
£30.

"STANDARD"
HUMBERS
£10 10s. Cash.



These Machines can be purchased on the Gradual Payment System. Full Particulars from
32, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.

ALL GOODS SOLD AT WHOLESALE PRICES. DESIGNS ARE EXACT SIZE AND ALL GOODS SENT FREE AND SAFE BY POST ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF NOVELTIES IN JEWELLERY, SILVER, AND ELECTRO PLATE (4000 ILLUSTRATIONS) POST FREE

SPECIAL.—The Association of Diamond Merchants, 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C., give highest prices for Precious Stones. Second-hand Jewellery and Old Gold. Anything sent to them receives attention by return of post. An Assortment of Second-hand Goods always in Stock.

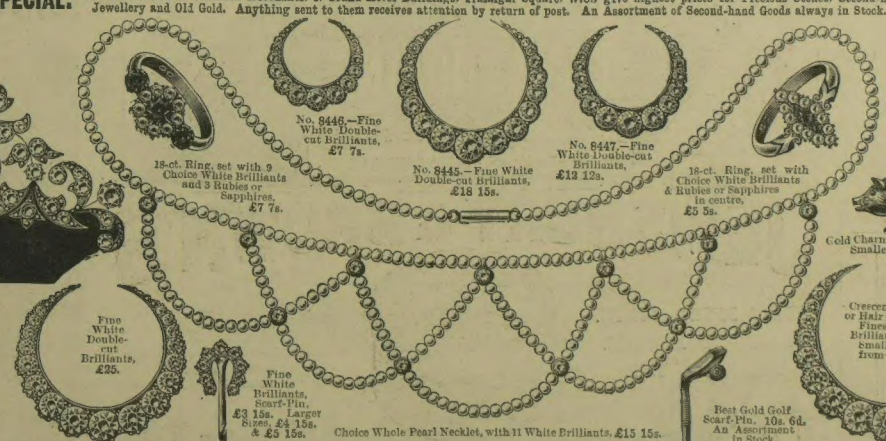
Handsome Comb, Ornament
Unravels to form Brooch.
All Brillants, £65.



Gold-Mounted
Mother of Pearl Vest
Buttons for Evening
Dress, set with
Diamonds, Rubies,
Turquoise, or Gold-Laced,
from £5 per set.



PRICES ON APPLICATION.



No. 8446—Fine
White Double-cut
Brilliants,
£7 7s.

No. 8445—Fine White
Double-cut Brillants,
£18 15s.

No. 8447—Fine
White Double-cut
Brilliants,
£12 12s.

18-ct. Ring set with
Choice White Brillants
& Rubies or Sapphires
in centre,
£5 5s.

Gold Charm, Ruby Eyes, £1 5s.
Smaller Size, 10s. 6d.

18-ct. Gold Seal, with Stone, £5 5s.
15-ct. Gold Seal, with Stone, £4 4s.
9-ct. Gold Seal, with Stone, £3 3s.
Gold-Mounted
Silk Fobs,
£2 2s.
with Seal,
£3 15s.

Crescent Brooch,
or Hair Ornament,
Finest White
Brilliants, £42.
Smaller Sizes
from £8 15s.

Best Gold Golf
Scarf-Pin, 10s. 6d.
An Assortment
in Stock.

Choice Whole Pearl Necklace, with 31 White Brillants, £15 15s.

THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS, JEWELLERS, & SILVERSMITHS.
DIAMOND CUTTING FACTORY AMSTERDAM. 6 GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS TRAFALGAR SQUARE LONDON W.C. TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: RUSPOL, LONDON

whether you need "strike" your salmon or not? This question of the "carliness" of rivers is one link only in a chain of salmon problems. Why do the fish run up the rivers at all? To spawn, it will be said. Undoubtedly. The salmon when they have entered the river, such of them as get past the estuary nets, mount to the higher waters with each flood, and once they have reached the redds and performed their duties there they run down again, boldly on the flood or wobbling in the thin stream, nature impelling them seawards by the pangs of ghastly disease. Clearly it is the reproductive instinct that drives them to their native redds. But, we may ask—how is it, then, that salmon are found running up in spring? The spawning time of salmon varies: the result of overnetting is probably to make it rather later; still, salmon, it may be said without exception, spawn between October and February; and consequently the run of salmon in March and April, when the instinct for reproduction cannot be strong in them, is a salmon problem. Again—problem of problems—the food of salmon! Salmon—smolts (if, indeed, smolts are really smolts) and kelts alike—run to the sea to be refreshed and invigorated and to grow fat. Grow fat undoubtedly they do. When they return to the river, do they cease to

eat? Some authorities say "yes" emphatically, others emphatically "no." Most of us probably hedge and wobble, saying that they eat a little, only a little, having no hunger or digestion, but being still bound by their sea habit of eating voraciously. But see how, be the answer to that what it may, we are on the horns of a dilemma. For if the salmon does not eat in fresh water, why does it come at our fly? And, on the other hand, if it does eat in the river, can it be conceived that it mistakes for food a gaudy, monstrous salmon-fly, the like of which it has never seen before, for the like of it does not exist in river or sea? This "food-of-the-salmon" question will set a company of the heartiest angling cronies by the ears.

Where so many problems abound, theories in solution of them do still more abound, of course. But assured solutions are sadly few. It was only a short time ago that "Red Spinner" advised his readers to take down and read, during the winter weeks in which the rods lie idle, a book on these salmon problems published nearly fifteen years ago. In it, as he said, it was not pretended that all the problems were solved, but the points to be grappled with are focussed. Grappled with they may have been in these fifteen years, but overcome they are not yet.

UNIVERSALITY IN PAPER.

Paper houses to live in, paper tables to sit at, paper chairs to sit on, paper knives and paper forks, paper spoons and paper cups, paper goblets to drink from, paper plates and paper dishes, paper pots in our kitchens, paper kettles on our hobs, paper curtains at our windows, paper hangings in our rooms, paper basins to wash in, paper towels to dry on, paper beds to sleep in, paper sheets to cover with, paper blankets to keep us warm, paper boots on our feet, paper clothes on our back, paper hats on our heads, paper carriages to ride in, paper bicycles to "scorch" on, paper trains to travel in, paper engines to take us on our journeys, and paper rails for them to run on, paper boats to sail in, with paper sculls and paper sails, paper guns to fight our wars, and paper bullets to kill our enemies, and paper coffins to lie in when we die.

Paper, paper, paper! Paper, the be-all and the end-all of the articles of our daily life, by land as well as by sea! Paper, paper, paper! Is the idea far-fetched?—is the suggestion impossible? Yet the far-fetched things of yesterday are the common things of to-day, and the impossibilities of to-day are the common occurrences of to-morrow. The day is never likely to come when London will be

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE.

OR PREPARED WHITE FULLEN'S EARTH. Is the only reliable and thoroughly perfect SKIN POWDER. It is prepared by an experienced Chemist, and under the Latin name of "Cimolite" is constantly prescribed by the most eminent living Dermatologists, and was especially recommended by the late Dr. Tilbury Fox. For general use it is simply invaluable. It is the best Dressing-Powder for infants. Formerly used in the Nurseries of her Majesty the Queen, the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duchess of Teck, &c., and now extensively employed in the Nurseries of her Imperial Majesty the Empress of Russia, our own Royal Princesses and Duchesses, H.R.H. the Duchess of Cumberland, the Duchess of Sutherland, and most of the Aristocracy, recommended by the Faculty. An eminent physician says: "I feel it cannot too highly recommend it." "I cannot add to the without it."—Dr. Baillie, in a lady writes: "Here, in India, for 'Fricky Frick,' I found it worth a guinea's tea-spoonful." Post free. Send 13 or 30 penny stamps, and for Taylor's Cimolite. See that the Trade Mark, Nose and Address are on every Packet, and do not be persuaded to take imitations.

Introduced into medical practice and prepared by JOHN TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker Street, London, W.

HOOPIING COUGH. CROUP.

ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION. The celebrated effectual cure without internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. EDWARDS and SON, 127, Queen Victoria Street, London, whose names are suggested on the Government Stamp. Sold by all Chemists. Price 4s. per bottle.

NUDA VERITAS

For over 30 years has never failed to restore Grey or Faded Hair in a few days. It preserves, arrests falling, and causes a luxuriant growth of Hair.

IS NOT A DYE, BUT THE GENUINE RESTORER. Circulars and Analyst's Certificate Post Free.

Sold by Hairdressers, Chemists, &c., in Cases, 10/6 each. Most Hairdresses, &c., in London, &c., in Cases, 10/6 each.

HAIR RESTORER

SOLE AGENTS: R. HOVENDEN & SONS, 80-82, BERNERS ST., W., & 91-93, CITY ROAD, E.C., LONDON.

Goddard's Plate Powder

(NON-MERCURIAL). FOR MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY this Powder has maintained an unrivalled reputation throughout the United Kingdom and Colonies as the BEST and SAFEST Article for CLEANING SILVER and ELECTRO PLATE. Sold in boxes, 1s., 2s., 6d., and 4s., each, by Grocers, Chemists, Ironmongers, &c.

CODDARD'S FURNITURE CREAM. For Cleaning and Polishing all kinds of Cabinet Furniture. Sold in bottles, 6d., and 1s., each, by Chemists, Grocers, Ironmongers, &c.

SIX GOLD MEDALS AWARDED.

JOY'S CIGARETTES

Sample free on receipt of 1d. stamp. One Cigarette instantly relieves the worst attack of Asthma, Whooping Cough, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Bronchitis, Sufferers at once find them invaluable, as they check the spasm, permit of sleep; may be smoked by ladies and most delicate persons.

2/6 BOX 35 of all Chemists. POST FREE from WILCOX & CO., 53, Mortimer Street, London, W.

THE ELECTROPATHIC BELT

A SOUND TONIC. Mr. W. H. Buttery, 25, Grantham Street, Lincoln, says: "Endured in chronic. Please send me an Electropathic Belt. My Father's sister had one of your belts, and it well satisfied."

Speedily cures all Disorders of the Nerves, Stomach, Liver, and Kidneys. Thousands of Testimonials. Pamphlet & Advice free on application to Medical Battery Co., Ltd.

489, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W. Call to-day, or write at once.

"Sanitas" Disinfecting Fluid

1/1-PINT BOTTLES. COLORLESS. FRAGRANT. NON-POISONOUS. ALSO POWDER, SOAPS, EMBROCATION, &c.

HOVENDEN'S EASY HAIR CURLER

TRADE MARK. PRICE 6/- PER BOX. They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no skill to use. Made in Five Colours.

12 CURLERS IN BOX, FREE BY POST, 8 STAMPS. By all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.

Beware of SPURIOUS IMITATIONS, now being sold by Druggists and Others. The genuine bear our TRADE MARK on the Right-Hand Corner of each Label. WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST., W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

ASTHMA CURE

GRIMAULT'S INDIAN CIGARETTES. Difficulty in Expectoration, Asthma, Nervous Coughs, Catarrh, Sleeplessness and Oppression immediately relieved by these Cigarettes. All Chemists, or Post-Free 1s. 9d. WILCOX & CO., 53, Mortimer St., London, W.



Merryweather's "Chute" Escape.

MERRYWEATHER ON LIFE SAVING & FIRE PROTECTION

OF HOTELS, MANSIONS, & PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

Loss of Life averted by adopting Merryweather's "CHUTE" Escape.

SIMPLE AND RELIABLE. Ask for M. & S.'s Inspector to attend your premises and give advice.

Price from £5. Call and see in action.

Merryweather's "LONDON BRIGADE" Hand Fire Pump.

As supplied to Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle, Osborne House, Lambeth Palace, and other Royal Palaces.

Price, complete, £25 5s. Delivered Free in the United Kingdom. Call and see in action.

63, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

The SURGICAL AID SOCIETY

CHIEF OFFICE: SALISBURY SQUARE, FLEET ST., E.C.

President: THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ABERDEEN, G.C.M.G.

This Society was established in 1862 to supply Trusses, Elastic Stockings, Artificial Limbs, &c., and every other description of mechanical support to the poor, without limit as to locality or disease.

WATER BEDS AND INVALID CHAIRS AND CARRIAGES ARE LENT TO THE AFFLICTED. It provides against imposition by supplying the appliance on the certificate of a Surgeon only. By special grants it ensures that every deserving applicant shall receive prompt assistance. 23,021 Appliances given in 1898.

OVER 300 PATIENTS ARE RELIEVED EVERY WEEK. Annual Subscription of £10 10 6. Life Subscription of - 5 5 0. Entitles to Two Recommendations per Annum.

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE EARNESTLY SOLICITED. Bankers: Messrs. BARCLAY and CO., Ltd., Lombard St. RICHARD C. TRESIDDER, Secretary.

For the Health and Beauty of the SKIN.

Lanoline Toilet Soap

6/6 PER TABLET, THREE IN A BOX 1/6

"LANOLINE"

Toilet Preparations

"LANOLINE"

from all Chemists.

Wholesale Depot:—67, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

Toilet "Lanoline"

FOR Delicate AND Sensitive SKINS. 6d. & 1s.

JEWELRY & BROWN'S

WHITE SOUND TEETH. FRAGRANT BREATH. HEALTHY GUMS.

Used in all Countries for OVER 70 YEARS.

CAUTION.—Beware of Counterfeits. The only Genuine is signed "JEWELRY & BROWN."

ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE

MANUFACTURED BY NEWTON, CHAMBERS & CO. Ltd. THORNCLEIFFE IRONWORKS, SHEFFIELD. MAY BE OBTAINED THROUGH ANY RESPECTABLE IRONMONGER.

D'ALMAINE AND CO.—PIANOS AND ORGANS.

Approval Carriage Free. Easy terms. 10 years' warranty. Secondhand good Cottages from 12 guineas, iron-framed full trichord Pianos from 12s. per month, Organs from 3 guineas. Full price paid allowed within three years if exchanged for a higher class instrument.

D'ALMAINE and CO. (Incl. 14 years) 21, Finsbury Pavement, E.C. Open (11/7. Saturdays, 3.

ORTZMAN, of 27, BAKER STREET. 10s.—PIANOS for HIRE, 10s. per Month. Tunings free. No Hire charged if purchased in six months. The Cheapest House in London for Hire, or on the Three-Year System.

THOMAS ORTZMAN and CO., 27, Baker Street, W.

ASTHMA, CATARRH. Franeau's Paper. The Highest Award at the Exhibition, 1889. LONDON: G. JOZEAT, 49, Haymarket, W.; MEITENS, 64, 11, Horn Viaduct, E.C.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.—POPE and PLANTE, Hosiers, Shirtmakers, and Manufacturers of Elastic Stockings, have REMOVED from Regent Street to 30, OLD BOND STREET, W.

UNITARIAN LITERATURE (Free). The Rev. R. A. Armstrong.—Theology and Miracle. The Rev. R. A. Armstrong.—The Place of Jesus of Nazareth in Modern Religion. A Brief Account of Unitarianism. Apply by letter to LADY WILSON, 81, Church Road, Richmond, Surrey.

EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY.—£2000 to £3000 wanted to further develop a very rapidly increasing Wholesale Musical Instrument Business, 10 per cent. per annum guaranteed, and absolutely a strictly investment and employment if desired.—Principals or their solicitors only apply to Wood and Co., Accountants, 8, Old Jewry, London.

NO MORE ASTHMA FROM THIS MOMENT.

Awarded one hundred thousand francs Gold and Silver Medals and admitted to be unrivalled. Particulars gratis and post free from DR. CLERY, MARSEILLES, FRANCE.

COLT'S NEW "SERVICE" .455 Cal. for English Government Cartridge.

NEW "POCKET" REVOLVERS

AND LIGHTNING MAGAZINE RIFLES

Price Lists Free. COLT'S PATENT FIREARMS MFG CO., 26, Glasshouse Street, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

BLACKING Nubian

BLACK & BROWN Waterproof & Self Polishing.

Largest Sale in the World.

Avoid Imitations—Demand the Original.

Milk Dressing for Doeklin, Buckskin, Canvas Shoes, Balmoral Goss for Ladies' Boots. "Ojo" Harness Paste, Black and Brown, Silver Plate Powder.

Send for descriptive Circular of all our preparations.

GARDEN REQUISITES.

MANUFACTURED BY NEWTON, CHAMBERS & CO. Ltd. THORNCLEIFFE IRONWORKS, SHEFFIELD. MAY BE OBTAINED THROUGH ANY RESPECTABLE IRONMONGER.

THE MOST ECONOMIC, CONVENIENT,
& PORTABLE FORM OF SOUP.

LAZENBY'S SOUP SQUARES

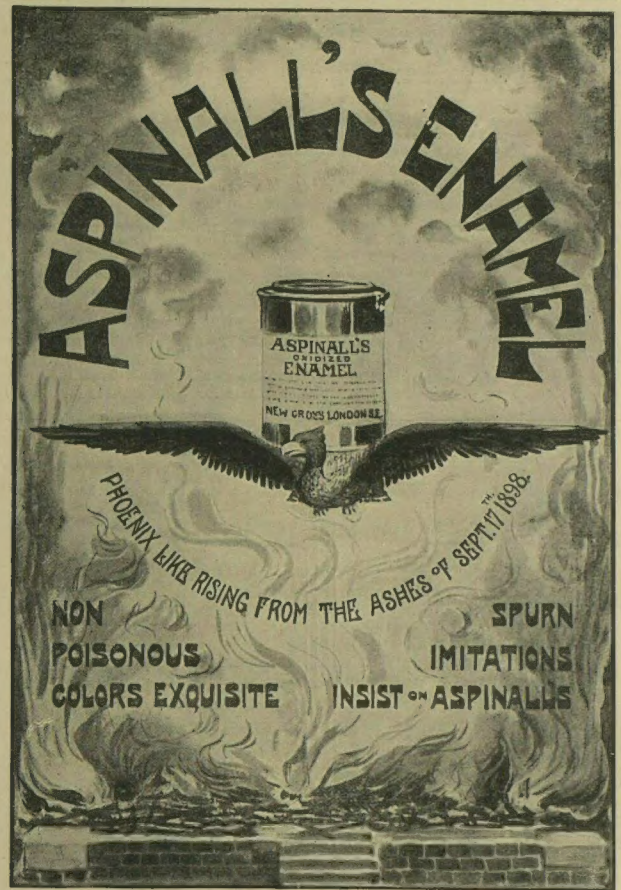
(MULLIGATAWNY, GRAVY, JULIENNE, ETC.)

ONE
6^D
SQUARE WILL MAKE A
PINT & A HALF
OF STRONG
NUTRITIOUS SOUP

Prepared by
E. LAZENBY & SON, LTD 18, Trinity St. LONDON, S.E.

SOLD BY GROCERS, STORES, ETC.

"STILL TO THE FRONT."

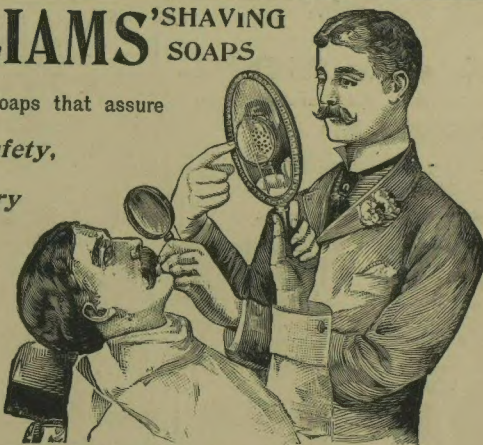


Head Office: NEW CROSS, LONDON, S.E.

PARIS DEPOT: 24, RUE ALIBERT. U.S. DEPOT: 98, BEEKMAN ST., NEW YORK.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS

The only Soaps that assure
Absolute Safety,
Ease, Luxury
in Shaving.



"YOU CAN SEE HOW IT IS, SIR!"

LITTLE DOORS—(pores)

myriads of them—unseen, but always open—lead directly through the Skin—to the very life-blood. Hence the imperative necessity that you guard these doors. Let no impure particle enter—to mingle with the life-giving current.

Nothing comes nearer the skin than your SHAVING SOAP—You apply it with the brush—and, as it were, force it into those willing little doorways. Avoid impure soaps—as you would the deadliest poison.

'WILLIAMS' Shaving Soaps

are prepared by the only firm in the world making a *specialty* of Shaving Soaps. They have been made in the same place—with the same scrupulous regard for every detail in manufacture—for more than half a century. STANDARD THE WORLD OVER. You can't afford to take chances. Insist that your hair-dresser use only WILLIAMS' SOAP. Accept no substitute from your dealer.

Sold by Chemists, Hairdressers, and Perfumers, all over the world, or mailed to any address on receipt of price in stamps.



Williams' Shaving Sticks—1/-



American Shaving Tablets—6d.



Luxury Shaving Tablets—1/-

Williams' "Jersey Cream" Toilet Soap, 6d.

Trial Tablet Williams' Shaving Soap for 1d. stamp by addressing—

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., 64, GT. RUSSELL ST., LONDON, W.C., or 161, CLARENCE ST., SYDNEY.
CHIEF OFFICES AND LABORATORIES—GLASTONBURY, CONN., U.S.A.

PEPTONIZED COCOA & MILK

Most Delicious, Nutritious,
requiring no digestive effort.

"Excellent, of great value."—LANCET.

In Tins, 2s. 6d. Half Tins (Samples), 1s. 6d.

SAVORY & MOORE, London.

MARIANI WINE

MARIANI WINE QUICKLY RESTORES
HEALTH, STRENGTH, ENERGY AND
VITALITY.

FORTIFIES, STRENGTHENS,
STIMULATES AND REFRESHES THE
BODY AND BRAIN.

HASTENS CONVALESCENCE especially after INFLUENZA.

HIS HOLINESS THE POPE writes that he has "fully appreciated the beneficial effects of this tonic wine, and has forwarded to M. Mariani, as a token of his gratitude, a gold medal bearing his august effigy."

Professor CHARLES FAUVEL writes: "Of all tonics, and I have tried almost all, not one equals Mariani Wine, so highly esteemed by the medical profession in France and other countries. I use it personally and for my family, and I have prescribed it during twenty years with unvarying satisfaction to myself and my patients."

**FOR GENERAL DEBILITY,
EXHAUSTION & WANT OF ENERGY.**

MARIANI WINE IS DELIVERED FREE TO ANY PART OF THE UNITED KINGDOM by WILCOX & CO., 83, Mortimer St., London, W. 4/- per bottle 22/6 half-doz., 45/- per doz. Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

torn down and built up again of paper; but here and there, in outlying districts, in the suburbs, in the provinces, in the country, men may build their houses of paper boards, even as they do at present in Alaska. In the gold-fields of that region many houses can be found made entirely of paper boards. They are light and air-tight, and are particularly useful for building purposes in localities where low temperatures are prevalent.

They are made of sheets of paper closely compressed, and in some cases cemented over thick felt, yet so light are they that a strong man could carry on his back at one time almost enough boarding to build himself a hut sufficient for all practical purposes, while a few cartloads of them would be enough to erect a fine cottage at the seaside. With boards of paper capable of resisting the inclemencies of the wind and weather in so inhospitable a region as Alaska, it needs no imagination to see they can easily be cut up into articles for which ordinary wood is used.

And as for paper knives and paper forks, paper pots and pans, paper dishes and paper goblets, and the thousand and one household articles which are necessary for service and comfort, how shall we get these as simply as we have got paper boards, and as we shall get paper everything else?

Paper can now be covered with nickel-plating, and anything which can be made of this metal can be made of paper coated with it, giving a lustre which will last for

years. And if nickel-plated, why not plated with other metals, so that our silver teapots shall be really paper with a thin veneer of metal, our golden goblets paper with the thinnest veneer of the precious metal, our trays of gilt and our plates of silver be nothing more or less than the pulp of rags, or even more probably, trees—perhaps, indeed, our old newspapers sent to be converted once more into pulp and treated for our especial use according to our especial design.

And as for paper bicycles, are they not already made, and have they not been tried and not found wanting? Paper carriages are but an agglomeration of paper boards and stuffing and covering, and paper has long been used for making wheels, even for the wheels of railway carriages on which there is much friction, for the surface that can be developed by its means is extraordinarily hard and smooth. Not only are the wheels much lighter than steel ones, but they will stand a much higher velocity without being destroyed, while they can be as accurately set and kept in contact with the rails.

Even the rails themselves are now, in some places, made of paper, instead of steel, with obvious advantage. Metallic rails are considerably affected by all changes of temperature, and due allowance must be made in laying them down for their expansion in the summer heat. This accounts for the little division that is always seen

between the two adjacent ends of rails, while they themselves are constantly being made very heavy to meet the enormous increase in the weight of the locomotives, and the trains which they draw, through the exigencies of traffic. This increase in weight of necessity brings about the curtailing of their length, or they would be too heavy to manipulate easily.

Not only in the stately cause of peace does paper find its use, but in the roar of deadly war as well, for rifle-bullets have been made of paper by the genius of an officer in the French army. They do not shatter the bone, as do bullets of steel or lead, but make a clean, clear wound, which heals rapidly; and if the Millennium is not at hand when men will lay down their arms, the day may come when contending armies will advance into the field armed with paper rifles firing paper bullets, impelled not, perchance, with powder, but with an even more deadly force—with compressed air.

Wood and steel and iron, copper and bronze and aluminium, and all the other metals that we know, silk and satin, velvet and cotton, and all the other fabrics that we use, may not fall into the sere and yellow leaf, and become objects of disuse as the old order sinks and gives place to the new, but paper bids fair to become the common material of to-morrow, and in its varied ways the most useful single article which the world has known.

ATHENS FEB 26, 1899.

Mlle. A. J. Contostavlos requests the Koko Mariopoulos Co., Ltd., to send as soon as possible six bottles of KOKO FOR THE HAIR to the following address—

HER MAJESTY
The Queen of Greece, Athens.

KOKO
FOR THE HAIR

Eliminates Scurf and Dandruff, Prevents Hair Falling, Promotes Growth, contains no Lye, and its unique testimonials prove it to be undoubtedly the best Preparation for the Hair. 1/-, 2/6, and 4/6, of all Chemists, Stores, &c.

1/-, 2/6, and 4/6, Of all Chemists, &c.

PIONEERS AT KLONDIKE



Miners, say Bill I'll swap you
"this nigger for that tin of **PIONEER TOBACCO**."

MANUFACTURED BY
THE RICHMOND CAVENDISH CO. LIVERPOOL.



PEARLS, DIAMONDS, ETC.

of Fine Quality, wanted, from £5 to £10,000, for Cash.

SPINK AND SON,

Diamond Merchants and Valuers,

17 & 18, PICCADILLY, W.; AND
1 & 2, GRACECHURCH ST., CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.

ESTABLISHED 1772.

This Water is a unique solvent of Uric Acid (Gouty Poison) and other Impurities.

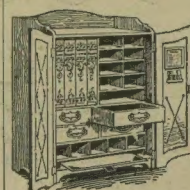
PITKEATHLY CUM LITHIA WATER

It is unrivalled as a certain remedy for Gout, Rheumatism, Acidity, Indigestion, and is also most efficacious in Disorders of the Liver and Kidneys. A Pure, Sparkling, and Delicately Tonic Drink. Most Excellent with Wines and Spirits.

CAUTION.—The Original and Only Genuine bears the Signature of REID & DONALD in Blue Ink across the Label.

Sold Everywhere. Sole Proprietors: REID & DONALD'S PITKEATHLY TABLE WATER CO., LTD., PERTH, N.B.

A NOVEL PRESENT.



Stone's
"Bureau"
Cabinets.

No. 932, as Illustration.

£3 7s. 6d.

Containing every requisite for Letter Filing and Correspondence.

In Rich Brown Oak throughout. Size, 27½ by 22½ by 14½.

May be ordered through any Furniture Dealer or Stationer, or direct from

HENRY STONE AND SON, BANBURY.

Write for complete Illustrated Catalogue of New and Artistic Time-Saving Specialities.

"COOPER" CYCLES.

AGENTS WANTED.

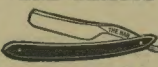
Latest 1899 Pattern throughout. 12 Months' Warranty. £5 10s.

Ladies' Machines from £6.

LISTS POST FREE.

W. COOPER, 753, Old Kent Rd., London, S.E.

THE FAMOUS



"MAB"
DWARF
RAZOR

Black Handle ... 2/6

Ivory ... 3/6

Black ... 7/6

Ivory ... 9/6

Sent Post Free same day as ordered.

"MAB" CO., 73, Newhall St., BIRMINGHAM.

PATENT STEAM CARPET BEATING CO., LIMITED.

The only effectual method of removing dust without injury to the Carpet.



CARPETS FREED FROM DUST BY COMPRESSED AIR.

COLLECTION AND DELIVERY FREE.

RED ROUGH HANDS

Itching, scaly, bleeding palms, shapeless nails, and painful finger ends, pimples, blackheads, oily, mothy skin, dry, thin, and falling hair, itching, scaly, crusted scalps, all yield quickly to warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, and gentle anointings with CUTICURA Ointment, the great skin cure.

Cuticura

Is sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBURY & SONS, London, PORTER, DUNN & CO., CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston, U.S.A. "All About the Skin" post free.

Instantly relieved by ITCHING HUMOURS. CUTICURA REMEDIES.

HOT & COLD WATER TAP

INVENTED BY
LORD KELVIN
(SIR W^m THOMSON)

LORD KELVIN'S PATENTS

GUARANTEED FOR 3 YEARS

NO PACKING
NO WASHERS
NO LEAKAGE

SOLD IN MANY VARIETIES BY
PLUMBERS & IRONMONGERS,
AND BY THE

PALATINE ENGINEERING CO. LTD.

BLACKSTOCKS LIVERPOOL

BEST SHEFFIELD MAKE. GERMAN HOLLOW GROUND.

KROPP RAZOR

ALWAYS READY FOR USE. NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING.

WARRANTED PERFECT

ENGLISH MANUFACTURE.

Black Handle ... 5/6
Ivory Handle ... 7/6
A Pair Ivory Handle Razors in Russia Leather Case ... 21/-

Kropp Strop Paste ... 6d.
Kropp Shaving Stick ... 6d.
Kropp's Badger Hair Shaving Brushes, 5/6, 7/6, 10/6 each.

KROPP "DUPLUX" STROP

MADE OF SPECIALLY PREPARED RUSSIA LEATHER AND CANVAS FOR HOLLOW-GROUND RAZORS.

Price 7/6 each.

Price 7/6 each.

WRITE FOR PAMPHLET, "SHAVES KIT AND OUTFIT," POST FREE.
Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT, and CO., London, W.